

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his need.*

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## IN THE REALM OF THE WONDERFUL.

BY CHARLES BRADFORD HUDSON.

NO doubt the Ancient Mariner saw many uncanny creatures when "Slimy things did crawl with legs upon the slimy sea," but he was in a bad frame of mind and probably a prey to morbid fancies. If some of the hideous realities had shown themselves, however, his tale would have been stranger still—and the Wedding Guest would have had material for a magazine article. But it requires faith in authorities to believe in such things, and the account would doubtless have been set down by his listener as a mere vulgar fish story. But, after all, the most ingenious of this class of fiction is feeble in comparison with any one ichthyological fact, and if one would inspire wonder he had better stick to the truth. If he undertakes to produce a marvel by the exaggeration of any characteristic of

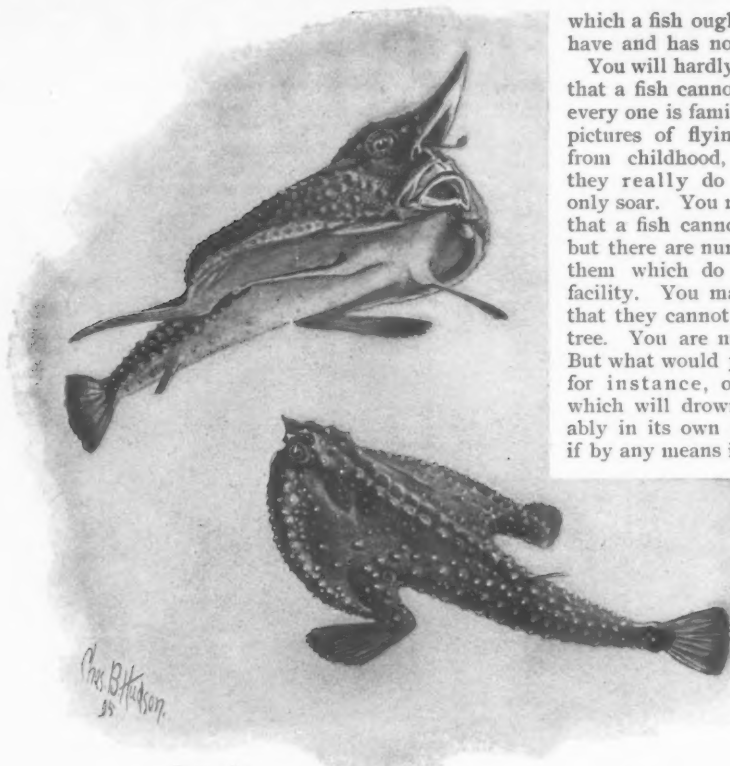
a fish, he will find that Nature has herself preceded him and has elaborated the details in a manner which makes his ingenuity mediocre. If we can conceive for a moment (this is very unscientific, of course,) that she started out with a symmetrically formed fish as a basis, and, in a sportive mood, took each dimension and detail of feature in turn and proceeded to stretch and caricature it to the limit of extravagance, we shall have a faint idea of the varied grotesqueness of the creatures of the deep. And it is not by eccentricities of form alone that they surprise us, for we can hardly imagine an unfishlike



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SEA-HORSES AND PIPEFISH.

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Drawn by  
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BATFISH.

which a fish ought not to have and has not.

You will hardly suggest that a fish cannot fly, for every one is familiar with pictures of flying-fishes from childhood, though they really do not fly, only soar. You may hint that a fish cannot walk; but there are numbers of them which do so with facility. You may think that they cannot climb a tree. You are mistaken. But what would you say, for instance, of a fish which will drown miserably in its own element, if by any means it is held

characteristic but some obscure species or another will be found enjoying its possession with the most comfortable obliviousness of its incongruity. Aristotle, who was an ichthyologist of some penetration, thought he knew of two exceptions, and stated with confidence that fishes have neither hairs nor feathers. The fish has yet to be reported which has feathers, in truth, but there are two or three genera of the order to which the catfishes belong, of which the males wear a mustache of bristles on each side of the mouth, which are so very much like hairs, that, if the philosopher had seen them, he probably would have withheld that statement from publication. These fishes are natives of South America, however, so Aristotle was at a disadvantage. But you will appreciate his observation after you have tried to think of other attributes

beneath the surface? Or what would be your idea, now, of one which periodically cans itself up in an air-tight receptacle of its own construction and stays there for months at a time, and only gets uncanned because its capsule is soluble in water? We will consider these things.

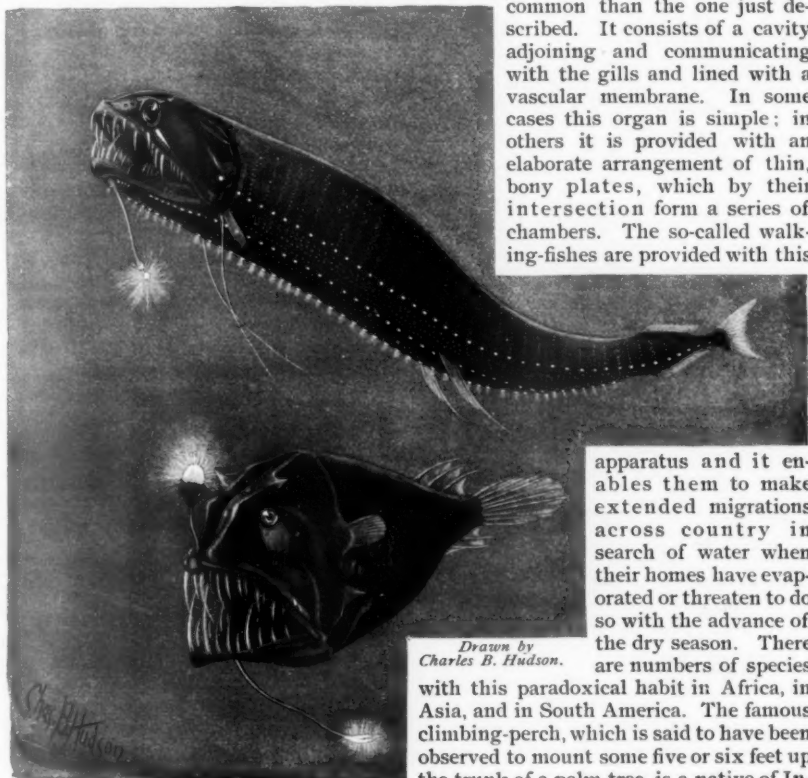
There are many species, belonging to at least half a dozen of widely-separated families, whose gill respiration is not adequate for the oxygenation of their blood, and which must rise to the top at short intervals for breath, or rather a gulp, of air. We have two in our rivers which are troubled in this way—the common gar of the coast and the bowfin of the waters of the interior. In both of these the swimming bladder is modified into a rudimentary lung. The same modification of this organ, which, in fact, is the homologue of the respiratory apparatus of the

higher vertebrates, occurs in *Polypterus* of the Nile, but is much more perfect in that strange group, the Dipnoi. These creatures, commonly called the lung-fishes, are so nearly a perfect link between the true fishes and the reptiles, that the question for years was whether they were fish-like reptiles or reptilian fishes, and their place in classification has not even yet been finally determined. They have the lung so highly developed that they can dispense entirely with the use of the gills. They live in regions subject to annual drought, during which their streams or pools are gradually reduced to stagnant puddles, then to mere beds of mud, where gills are useless and where the lungless fish would die.

The three existing genera have descended to us from a vast antiquity, and the Australian, *Neoceratodus*, called bar-

ramunda by the natives, has persisted as a genus from the Mesozoic era. The African member of this group, *Protopterus*, is distinguished by its remarkable habit of estivation. Before the mud has finally hardened it burrows well into it, hollows out a cavity, and, doubling itself into as small a compass as possible, reposes placidly until the return of the rainy season soaks it out. While the tropical sun is baking the earth above, *Protopterus* is protected from desiccation by the mucous coating with which it has lined its cell. If care be taken not to break this capsule the fish can be dug up and shipped across the seas, and upon being placed in the water will be restored to activity,—a result which our most approved methods of packing do not remotely approach.

There is another form of accessory breathing apparatus which is rather more common than the one just described. It consists of a cavity adjoining and communicating with the gills and lined with a vascular membrane. In some cases this organ is simple; in others it is provided with an elaborate arrangement of thin, bony plates, which by their intersection form a series of chambers. The so-called walking-fishes are provided with this



ECHIOSTOMA BARBATUM  
AND LINOPHYRNE LUCIFER.

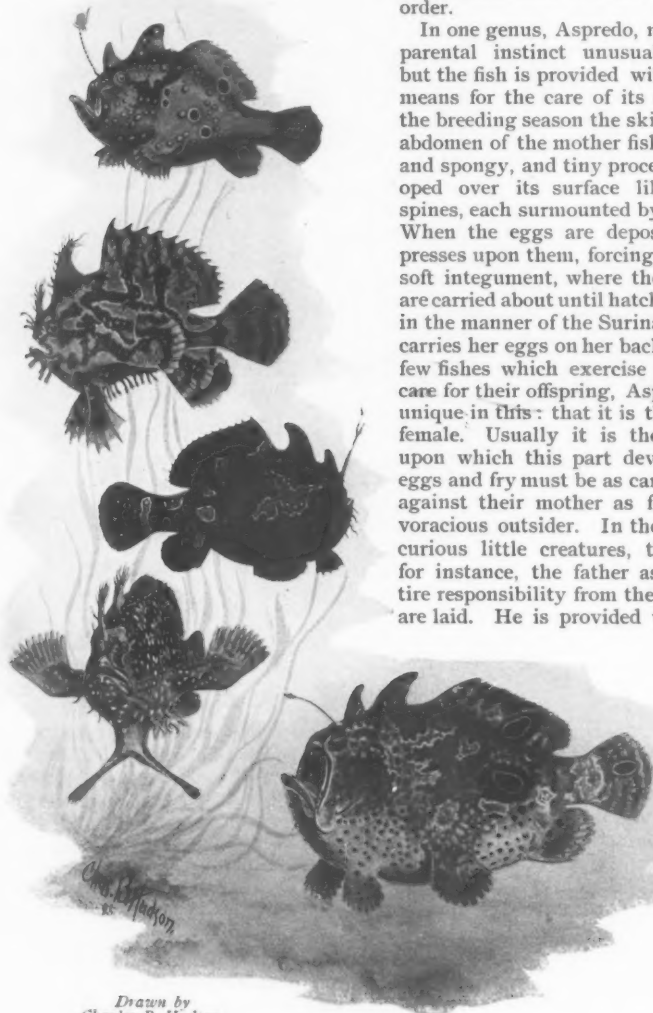
Drawn by  
Charles B. Hudson.

apparatus and it enables them to make extended migrations across country in search of water when their homes have evaporated or threaten to do so with the advance of the dry season. There are numbers of species with this paradoxical habit in Africa, in Asia, and in South America. The famous climbing-perch, which is said to have been observed to mount some five or six feet up the trunk of a palm-tree, is a native of India, where the shore-going fish is com-

monplace. In South America there are two genera belonging to the order of catfishes, which make their migrations overland, traveling in such droves that they can be gathered in basketfuls by the lucky native who encounters the expedition. *Callichthys*, one of the two, is often found in the grass of wet meadows or buried in the mud, and the Brazilian enjoys the

unique sport of going fishing with a spade. *Doras*, the other, not only seeks its food on shore, but goes there for the material for its nest, which it builds in a hole scooped out in the beach. Here its eggs are carefully guarded by both parents ~~until hatched~~, when the young are defended with a solicitude which is very rare among members of the class which we are considering, but which seems to be characteristic of nearly all the catfish order.

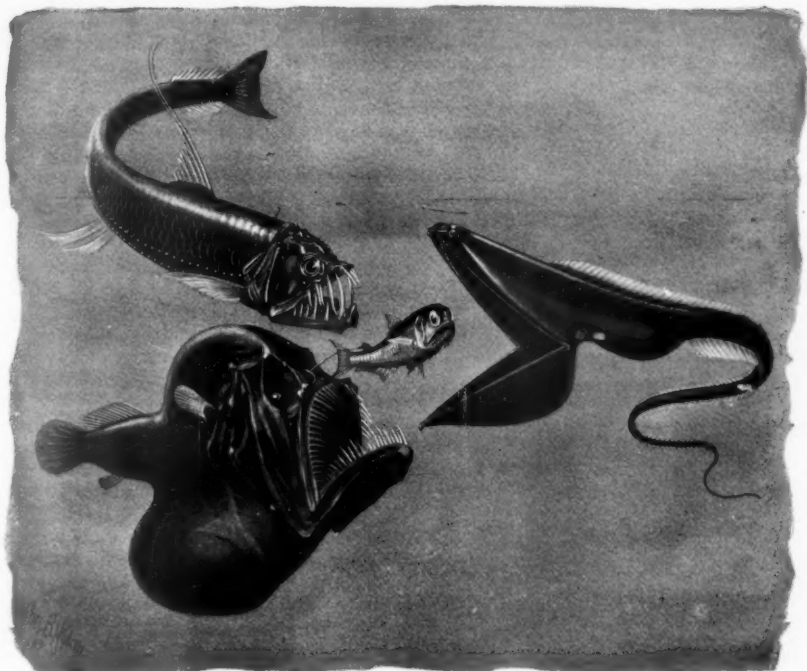
In one genus, *Aspredo*, not only is the parental instinct unusually developed, but the fish is provided with remarkable means for the care of its eggs. During the breeding season the skin covering the abdomen of the mother fish becomes soft and spongy, and tiny processes are developed over its surface like short, soft spines, each surmounted by a small knob. When the eggs are deposited, the fish presses upon them, forcing them into the soft integument, where they adhere and are carried about until hatched, very much in the manner of the Surinam toad, which carries her eggs on her back. Among the few fishes which exercise any degree of care for their offspring, *Aspredo* is nearly unique in this: that it is the duty of the female. Usually it is the male parent upon which this part devolves, and the eggs and fry must be as carefully guarded against their mother as from the most voracious outsider. In the case of those curious little creatures, the sea-horses, for instance, the father assumes the entire responsibility from the time the eggs are laid. He is provided with a marsu-



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Charles B. Hudson.

A GROUP OF PEDICULATES.





Drawn by Charles B. Hudson.

## A BASSALIAN TRAGEDY.

pial pouch, situated along the under side of his tail, in which the eggs are placed, and where the young fish are retained for some time after hatching. It is said that even after birth they resort to its protection on the approach of danger, fleeing thither in case of alarm like a brood of chickens to the hen. This pouch is characteristic of a number of genera belonging to the same order as the sea-horse, among them the pipefishes, but the former has another trait which, added to its peculiar form, makes it one of the most interesting of its kind. It has a prehensile tail. This appendage has lost its usual function of locomotion, as well as its caudal fin, and serves to enable its possessor to cling to the algae among which it lives, by seizing their fronds in a manner very suggestive of an elephant's use of its trunk. The members of this order are provided with a protective dermal skeleton composed of numerous bony plates whose many angles, together with the prolonged snout, produce a certain resemblance to that odd

little Chinese fish, *Pegasus*, though they are in no wise related. *Pegasus*, in fact, has no relatives, for it is the only genus of its family.

There is yet another faculty of the sea-horses and pipefishes which I must not fail to mention, and that is their mimicry of their surroundings. They are slow-moving, helpless creatures, quite incapable of combat, and if they were easily seen, would be prey to every passing fish which might choose to trouble with so bony a mouthful. But the pipefish, as its slender body lies along a cluster of sea-grass, is nearly invisible; and the sea-horse, with its dull coloring, is almost indistinguishable from a small bunch of algae. I say dull coloring, but this applies only to those species which dwell among the monotonous growths of temperate climates. In the Australian form, *Phyllopteryx*, which inhabits the multicolored plants of the coral reefs, the hues are correspondingly brilliant, and the fish is further decorated with long, lacinated tentacles which wave in the water and

make it look as much like a bit of seaweed as a bit of seaweed itself.

This faculty of mimicry is a common gift of fishes, particularly of those which live upon the bottom and lead stealthy lives, lying in wait for unsuspecting passers-by instead of gaining their prey by bold pursuit, like the gamey bluefish or the striped bass. Of such a nature are the Pediculates. The family receives its name from the unusual development of the pectoral fins, which are so lengthened and modified as to resemble legs in their function, and enable the fish to waddle over the bottom or cling to the rocks with considerable dexterity. It is, in many respects, a remarkable group. There is no other which contains so many grotesque forms, decorated with such fan-

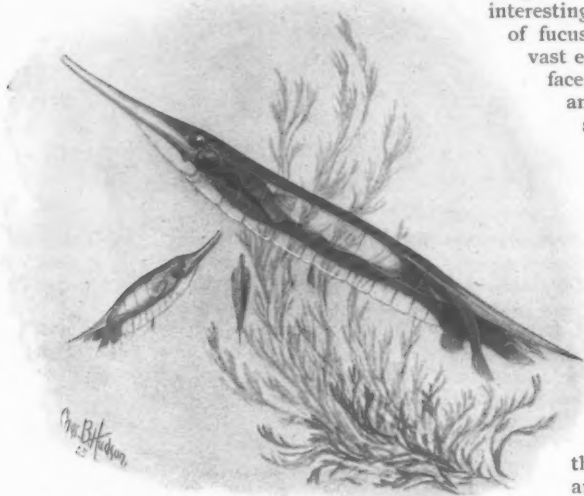
might have done worse; and there are hints for artificial bait yet available among certain ones of them, to which I will call attention later on. These angling fishes, of which *Antennarius* may be considered a type, are provided with a slender, antenna-like appendage, situated on the snout just above the mouth, to the end of which is attached a little, fleshy rag, or bundle of filaments, often highly colored, and acting as a lure to other fishes. The anglers have always a formidable stretch of mouth, and the inquisitive fry which ventures upon too close an inspection of the waving bait is suddenly transformed into good cheer for the owner.

In the Sargasso sea is a species of *Antennarius* which has attracted attention on other grounds. It is another of the very few nest-builders, and it takes advantage of its opportunities in a very interesting way. The dense growth

of fucus which characterizes this vast eddy is sustained at the surface by numerous air-vessels, and is composed of a central stem from which branches radiate in all directions, divided and subdivided in numberless ramifications toward the circumference. The fish begins at the middle of the plant by drawing together the primary branches, and upon these it piles the secondary, then the next and the next, until the entire weed is in a heap at the center. Then the mass is bound together and reinforced by strong threads of a glutinous substance secreted by the fish,

apparently of the same nature as the material by which the eggs of many species are held together or fastened to suitable objects in the water. These threads become very tough and so insoluble that they are not only uninjured by contact with the sea-water, but, according to M. Vaillant, the French naturalist, they are even proof against concentrated sulphuric acid.

The angling appendage peculiar to so many of this family, is one of the curious



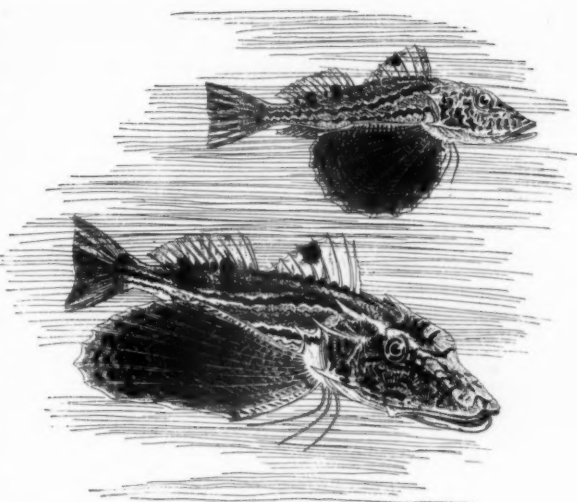
Drawn by Charles B. Hudson. AMPHISILE SCUTATA.

tastic elaboration, and endowed with such singular attributes. It would seem as though Nature, having perpetrated the joke of producing them, repented her pleasantry and essayed to make amends for their uncomeliness by giving them extraordinary advantages. This family contains the primitive anglers—the earliest votaries of the “gentle craft.” It is not likely that the father of angling received his first suggestion of the possibilities of the art from this source, but he

modifications which not unfrequently occur to a fin, whereby an entirely new function is substituted for the normal one of natation. In this case the anterior dorsal spine has undergone the alteration. In the genus *Malthe*, it has probably developed into a sensory organ instead of a lure, and is retractile into the cavity beneath the sort of spur with which the snout of the fish is armed. At times the adaptation is far-fetched in the extreme, as in the sucking-fish (*Echeneis*), whose dorsal fin has been transformed into a suction apparatus of admirable construction; or in the lumpfish (*Cyclopterus*), whose ventral fins

form a similar organ and enable the creature to secure an anchorage on the rocks in the most rapid tideway. In the Gurnard family, of which the sea-robin is a type, the three anterior rays of the pectorals have acquired the double function of legs and of feelers. They are separated from the rest of the fin, independently muscled, and well provided with nerves at their bases. The fish roots up the mud with its flat, serrated snout, then feels around with these fin-rays for the small crustacea and mollusks which constitute its food, pulling itself about with the greatest facility.

And so there are oddities and oddities. There are curious creatures with curious ways, and many others whose habits are unknown, but whose shapes alone are enough to entitle them to notice. The oriental vagary, *Amphisile*, is one of these, and little can be said of it except in derision. The bony spike into which the thin, transparent armor is produced behind, has called for a complete sacrifice of symmetry, and the fish's tail is an absurdity; but *Amphisile* does not care, any more than for the fact that one can see through him at almost any point, or that his shadow would be scarcely worth the making. And there are extremes of beauty and of repulsiveness of which the land has no rivals. Sometimes both



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SEA-ROBINS

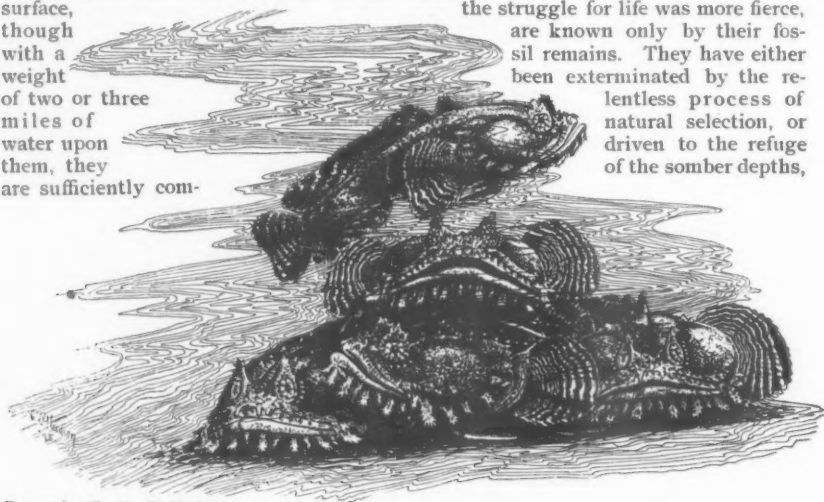
qualities are combined in an individual, as in *Scorpaena plumieri*, whose physiognomy and form are as graceless as the hideous toadfish in the drawing, but whose coloration is more beautiful than it is possible to describe or to paint. But the strangest of all strange forms are those which dwell in the silent, black abyss of the deep sea, where the faintest ray of the sun fails to penetrate, and where the light of science has only begun to glimmer.

Half a century ago the presence of fishes in the great depths was unsuspected. It was believed that the conditions which were known to obtain precluded the possibility of their existence. A few isolated specimens of novel features had been picked up on the surface from time to time, invariably in a dying condition or dead, but although their forms were anomalous and their structure utterly different from all known forms, they were not for many years attributed to the deep sea. Before the expedition of the British ship *Challenger*, in 1873-76, there were not more than thirty species known. The results of that enterprise, splendid as they were, have been greatly surpassed by the explorations of the United States Fish Commission, and we have to-day a growing knowledge of a rich and wonderful fauna which presents

the most interesting field for study in all the broad scope of natural history. In this line of research our scientists have taken the lead and we have, in the National Museum at Washington, the most extensive collection in the world.

In considering the denizens of this mysterious domain, it is of paramount interest to note the conditions of their existence, which have resulted in so many modifications of structure and function. Primary among the causes of these changes is the tremendous hydrostatic pressure. We terrestrial beings are able to exist comfortably under a weight of atmosphere which, at the level of the sea, amounts to about fifteen pounds to the square inch. A fish, however, must endure a squeezing which increases at the rate of about a ton for every thousand fathoms; and so at a depth of three and one-half miles, the greatest at which any have been taken, this would be nearly three tons for every inch of the animal's body. These fishes are constructed accordingly, and when brought to the surface they are generally in a condition of considerable dilapidation. As the pressure decreases the gases in the intestines and bladder and in solution in the blood rapidly expand, forcing the stomach out at the mouth and the eyes from their sockets. The bones and tissues develop a flimsiness, too, which would render them quite unserviceable at the surface, though with a weight of two or three miles of water upon them, they are sufficiently com-

pact for the vigor of action necessary in the capture of their food. Long before the hundred-fathom mark has been reached the last vestige of vegetation has disappeared, so that all the abysmal genera are, per force, carnivorous. Many of the sluggish, toothless forms feed upon the myriads of low organisms which tenant the bottom, or upon the remains of the inhabitants of the upper strata settling to their own, and in turn they become the prey of the more active raptatorial species. But it would appear that life in Bassalia—the name applied to the collective deep-sea fauna—is slow. The temperature never varies from one or two degrees above freezing point, and the vitalizing power of the water is very low from the scarcity of oxygen. The air in solution does not constitute one one-hundredth of the mass, and though a corresponding enlargement of the gill surfaces would be looked for, the reverse is the case, showing that combustion is slow, and encouraging a conviction that existence in the abyss harmonizes generally with the absolute quiet and the darkness, and is comparatively peaceful. That this is so is further shown by the fact that there are many genera there which have descended from remote geologic periods with little change, while their ancient relatives which dwelt in shallower waters near the shore, where the struggle for life was more fierce, are known only by their fossil remains. They have either been exterminated by the relentless process of natural selection, or driven to the refuge of the somber depths,



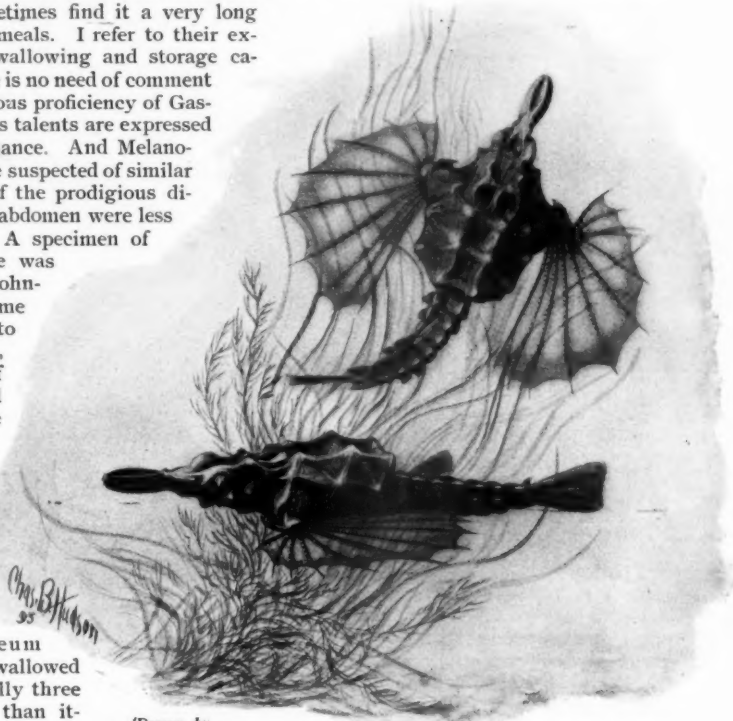
Drawn by Charles B. Hudson.

TOADFISH.

or else the dire competition has forced modifications which have resulted in new genera. Additional evidence that the ferocious strife which characterizes littoral waters is not paralleled here, is found in a peculiarity which is shared by a number of families and which indicates that they sometimes find it a very long time between meals. I refer to their extraordinary swallowing and storage capacity. There is no need of comment upon the obvious proficiency of *Gastrostomus*. Its talents are expressed in its countenance. And *Melanocetus* would be suspected of similar ability, even if the prodigious dilatation of its abdomen were less in evidence. A specimen of this creature was found by Mr. Johnson, whose name is attached to the species, with a fish of the *Scopeloid* family more than twice its own length coiled in its stomach. There is a *Chiasmodon* in the collection of the National Museum which had swallowed a *Scopelus* fully three times longer than itself, and Doctor Gunther describes an *Omosudis* which had accomplished a similar feat, quite dislocating its ventral fins in the effort.

But Nature's supreme gift to the dwellers in the deep sea is that of luminosity. There is no doubt that in spite of the entire absence of sunlight, even the most profound of the inhabited depths are to a certain extent illuminated. Light-producing organs are common to all the Basalian fauna, but in none is there such a perfection of development as in the fishes. The primitive form is a simple gland secreting mucus largely charged with phosphorus. In some fishes these glands appear as innumerable, minute tubercles

scattered over the skin; in others they are larger, less numerous, and arranged in lines along the lower side of the body and head, and even in the mouth, as in *Chauliodus*. Often there is, besides these, a large, highly-specialized, luminous spot



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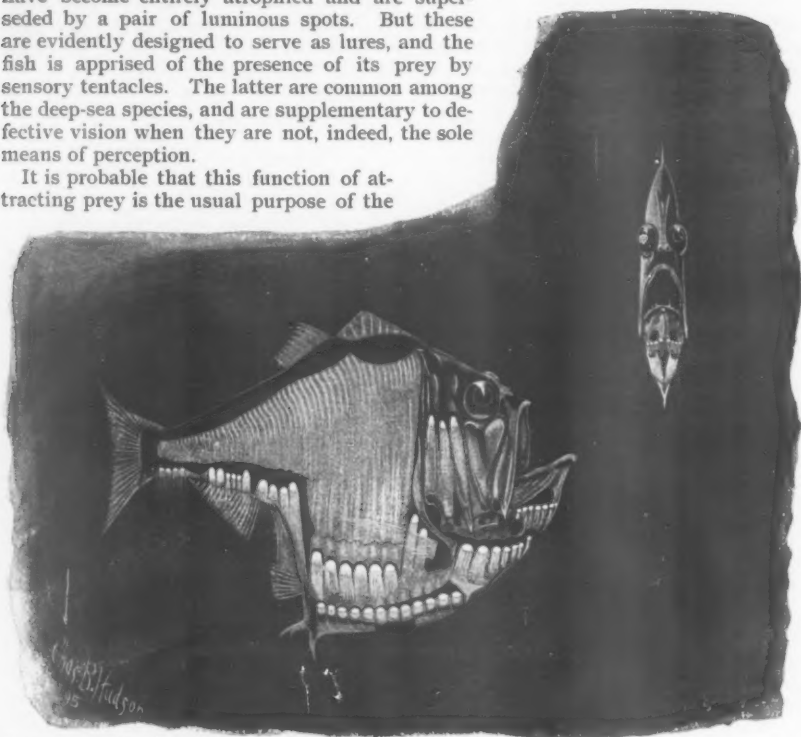
PEGASUS DRACONIS.

on the snout or the side of the head, emitting a green or red light. In its most highly differentiated form, the light-giving apparatus is of somewhat elaborate construction. It consists of a double convex lens covering a cell filled with a transparent liquid, backed by a black membrane resembling the retina of an eye and abundantly supplied with nerves. This similarity to an optical organ was ground for considerable doubt about the true function of these glands, and it was held for a time by some naturalists that they were all accessory organs of sight, a theory which seemed to find support in those fishes in which the eyes



have become entirely atrophied and are superseded by a pair of luminous spots. But these are evidently designed to serve as lures, and the fish is apprised of the presence of its prey by sensory tentacles. The latter are common among the deep-sea species, and are supplementary to defective vision when they are not, indeed, the sole means of perception.

It is probable that this function of attracting prey is the usual purpose of the



Drawn by Charles B. Hudson.

ARGYROPELECUS OLFERSII.

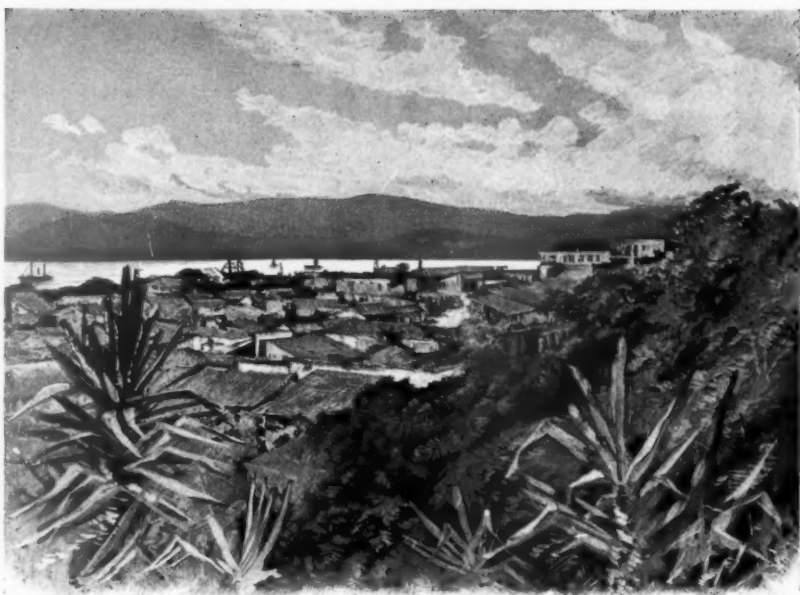
phosphorescent spots, though it may play a part in sexual selection; and when the apparatus is situated on the head near the eye, or on the snout, as in many Scopeloid fishes, it may be of assistance to its owner in seeking food—a search-light as it were. But when it is placed at the extremity of a lengthened fin-ray, or on the tip of a tentacle, there is little question that it acts as a bait. It would be difficult to imagine anything better adapted to such an end than the glowing bulb which surmounts the head of the pediculate, *Linophryne*, or the appendage on the end of its barbel, or the similar one on *Echiostoma*. But there is a device more artistic than either of these, possessed by another pediculate, *Ægaonichthys*. It consists of the movable spine common to this family, tipped by an elaborate cluster of ragged filaments, which are illuminated by a phosphorescent capsule at their base. Here is

a suggestion for sportsmen who are discussing the possibilities of fly-fishing at night! It is supposed that the luminosity is, in a measure at least, subject to volition. A deep-sea shark is described which emitted a green phosphorescence when active or under friction, and Gunther observed distinct flashes from a dying *Scopelus* floating on the surface in the British channel. Were the light not capable of suppression, it would be the source of as much danger as advantage.

But I believe, I declare, that the reader's credulity has met a strain. And I fear that if he accepts all these statements—which, I assure him, are worthy—he will be ready to exclaim with Sebastian, in "The Tempest,"

"A living drollery! Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there."





### THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF CUBA.

BY JOHN T. HYATT.

COASTING along the south side of Cuba, from Cape Maysi westward, a locality made famous by the recent Allianca incident, a traveler sees no broad margins of level land, but the "Pearl of the Antilles" appears as a succession of majestic mountain chains, which raise themselves abruptly from the sea and mingle their peaks with the clouds. The modern tourist of the tropics wonders how Columbus, on his second voyage of discovery, standing at sea and with no friendly chart, discovered amid these chains the entrance to the bay of Santiago, now noted among skippers the world over as so indiscernible at any distance, yet so ample at the approach.

Nearing the entrance, two mountains seem to draw apart. On the one at the right is Castle Moro, an ancient, piled-up fortress, built about the year 1640, by the Spanish warrior Pedro de la Rosca, then governor of the province. Although it would offer ineffectual resistance to the methods of modern warfare, yet for romantic and picturesque effect it has, I be-

lieve, no equal on this hemisphere. Its bold position and yellow walls, clinging with moss and ivy; its browned turrets, which have defied the hurricanes and scorching suns of two and a half centuries; the great flight of crumbling steps, which winds from near the water's edge to the huge battle-door at the lofty entrance to the castle; the deep moat, with its drawbridge, unlifted since before the fourties, when bands of pirates and roving marauders used to infest the West Indies, together remind one of an ideal home of the feudal baron in the days of chivalry.

La Bateria de la Estrella, a small fortification, so called because resembling the shape of a star, adjoins the Moro, and several heavy guns of old-fashioned pattern point from it directly toward the sea, covering the approach.

The hamlet of Cayo Smith lies on the hillside of a small island at the left of the entrance, famous as having been taken and for some time held by the English, in the olden day of colonial conquest. A quaint chapel, surmounted by a belfry



A SCENE AT CAYO SMITH.

and cross, crowns the site, and serves as a place of worship for the creole men and women, who may be seen lazily shuffling along in the dusty roads. The one-story, tile-roofed houses, with the family clad in the proverbial snow-white linen, sitting leisurely about in front, and great two-wheeled volantes, the peculiar vehicles used for travel in the rough country roads, lying idly by, present a typical Cuban scene. At the foot of the village several bath-houses of thatched palm-leaves extend from the beach into the limpid water, within which the dark-eyed señora and señorita disport themselves at early morn and eventide, unmolested by inquisitive eyes. Along the shores are numerous thatch-roofed fishermen's huts, built on piling over shallow water, which serve as shelter for the rude boats, and often as an humble home for these cheery and unsophisticated followers of Saint Peter. From Cayo Smith the neck of the bay flows for a mile along mountains covered with waving palms and cocoanut trees, cacti and wild orchids, spreading out at length into the bay proper.

Bronzed skippers, who in their time penetrate even those parts of the world which are a closed book to the tourist,

unite in saying that no finer harbor than that of Santiago de Cuba exists. The bay from end to end is six miles, and its width varies from two to two and one-half miles. Being land-locked, it is cut off from the high seas which may rage outside, in a region where cyclones are manufactured: ample for commerce, yet not so large that a storm can create a bad sea within its limits. A little dredging would enable the largest vessels to come to its wharves, though this might be regarded as a misfortune by the lightermen.

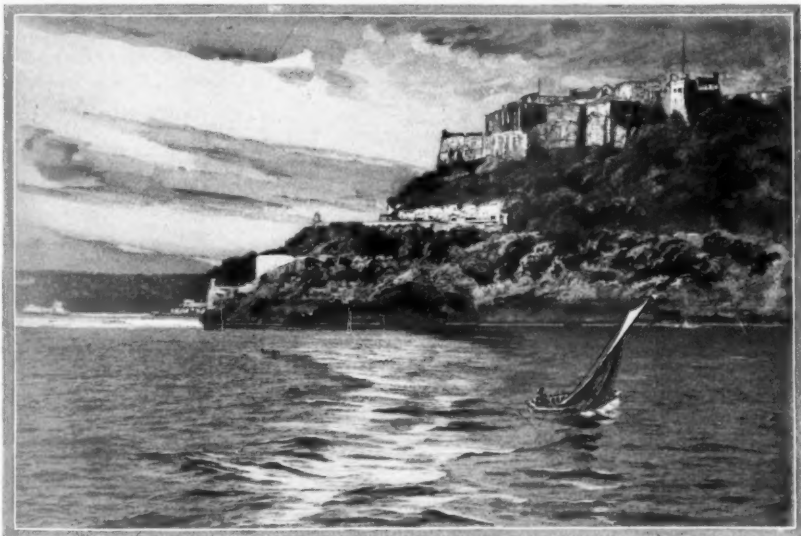
On a small island near the opening of the bay is built a government magazine, from which the Spanish men-of-war and troops of the province are furnished with arms and ammunition, and in which all importations to this district of any considerable quantity of explosives, even if for mining purposes, are required by law to be deposited, and are permitted to be withdrawn only as needed for immediate use.

On the shore at the left of the magazine is Punta de Sal, whose silent ruins are impressive witnesses of former untold wealth. The records of the American consulate show that as far back as the thirties a million and a half dollars worth of copper ore was shipped annually

from this point to the United States, a proportion of which our Government made into those large pennies that delighted our forefathers in their boyhood days.

Among a group of red-tiled buildings on the bank is a deserted car-shed, open at both ends, with four tracks running through it, upon which sleep a number of old ore cars and primitive passenger coaches, hauled by slave-driven mules over the smoking road between here and the mines at Cobre, in what some are pleased to call the palmy days of the West Indies. Enterprise finally brought down a locomotive from the Baldwin works, in Philadelphia. It was set up in 1884, but is now seen standing in the shed, never having even taken a trip over the road. The mining and transportation concessions were owned by different com-

its are bordered by lowland, covered with cocoa groves and jungles of matted vegetation, offset by fields of wild sisal and tangles of Spanish bayonet and prickly pear, impenetrable, save as one cuts his way with sheath-knife or machete. Here and there darts the tiny humming-bird, stopping an instant, perhaps, to suck a drop of honey from the sweet la aroma, or to drink dew from the lips of the bright morning-glories, which trail like dainty bells in endless profusion from above. Mocking-birds, turpials, and negritos flit joyously about, filling the air with song, while occasionally one sees the proud oriole, with golden plumage, or the gaily-decked parrot, jumping from branch to branch,—at home in his native haunts, as yet untaught to startle the stranger as Crusoe's talking friend did him.



CASTLE MORO, FROM THE SEA.

panies, and it was alleged that the latter endeavored to absorb all the profits of the former by excessive freight charges. While work was suspended, pending a settlement of the difficulties, the mines filled with water, so that both plants became useless and had finally to be abandoned.

Two rivers, El Paradas and El Caimanes—in the States we would call them creeks—flow into the bay from between the mountains north of Cobre. The ex-

El Caimanes, so called because it formerly abounded in alligators, still has a number along its banks. A jaunt up either river will disturb an endless number of blue and red speckled land-crabs, which will hastily scramble into their ugly mud-holes along the shores. In some places the stream will throw out a shady recess, where overhanging trees and shrubs mirror themselves in peaceful water. An infrequent clearing discloses the hovel of a campesino, or native coun-



THE SANTIAGO "CLUB NAUTICA."

tryman, constructed of a framework of poles lashed together and covered with brush and palm bark. Needless to say that the stranger will be delighted, particularly if tired by his explorations, when the humble home is placed "a su disposicion," with all that grace and frank hospitality for which the people of the island, no matter how poor or unlettered, are noted, and he is handed a cup of that exquisite coffee, which can be had nowhere else except in Cuba, or a glass of wine,—refreshments always offered visitors, whether strangers or not. Before returning to the bay, one may marvel at a giant cupey, the highwayman of the forest, a number of which may be found in this vicinity. It is a vine, pliable but of strong fiber, which attacks only the noblest trees, such as the cagueiron, jucaro, hueso, or caoba. Although it grows to mammoth proportions, like a bad habit it starts in a small way, climbs and twists itself around the tree, exerting a steady and tightening pressure, throwing down new roots as it ascends, until eventually it has choked the life out of the hapless victim.

On the right side of the bay, near the mouth, is Cinco Reales (translated,

fifty cents), a place used as a coaling station. Between it and the lower end of the city are several villas belonging to wealthy merchants of the city, notably those of Mr. Louis Brooks and Mr. Frederic Ramsden, the English consul. That of "La Cruz" is occupied by Mr. Charles H. Ziegenfuss, a sturdy, honest man of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction, spoken of by the Spanish-tongued darkey as "Mistar Charley"—superintendent of the Jurugua Iron company and the Sabanilla y Maroto railroad, different corporations, but both owned by Americans, and together representing about five million dollars, the latter running into Santiago and being the chief railroad of the province. This villa, which in its time has entertained many of the best known financiers of Pennsylvania and New York, is located on a bluff rising almost perpendicularly from the water. The mansion is surrounded by a broad piazza, and nothing is pleasanter than to occupy a capacious balance at twilight in this hospitable bower, amid curling wreaths of smoke from a delicious Havana; and from this commanding position one beholds a picture of blue sea, mountain peaks and fasts, touches of distant city and rural

life, in such proportions and effects as to baffle the artist's canvas.

Near the boat-landing of "La Cruz" is the huge iron pier of the Jurugua company, constructed at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars, and with facilities to load two three-thousand-ton steamships with ore in less than ten hours. The ore, of which there are always trainloads standing on the banks awaiting ships, is of the richest description, being from sixty-five to sixty-eight per cent. pure, and remarkably free from the objectionable foreign elements of sulphur and phosphorus. Most of this ore goes to Bethlehem, Steelton, and Sparrow Point. It has been used in manufacturing some of the plates of our magnificent new cruisers, and is also being put into the much talked of three-million-dollar armor-plate contract recently given by the Russian Government to the Bethlehem corporation.

Between "La Cruz" and the city lies Punta Blanca, a small, well-manned fort, over which proudly float the orange and red colors of Spain. The fort received its name from the great bank of white

sand upon which it rests; and in the cool of the day many men, mostly negroes, may be seen bathing and splashing in the glistening water about this shore. The cab-horses of the city, unacquainted with the currycomb, are brought hither by the drivers for a daily swim. It will be noticed, however, that nobody, not even those on horseback, strays very far from land, as the bay is inhabited by numerous hammer-headed sharks.

Transfigured in the pink light of the morning, Santiago, from the bay, looks like an ancient city of the Orient. The capital of the province, the second city in size on the island, with a population of about sixty-five thousand souls, lies in a vast amphitheater of nature, with a towering background of purple mountains. The sloping hillsides, which afford an excellent natural drainage, are covered by houses with crumbling walls of blue and yellow, a quaint turret or tower shooting up in odd places. Homes there are, with pillared balconies, open courts, wide corridors, and big windows shielded by heavy iron grating and massive shutters, while occasionally a glinting green



THE HOVEL OF A CAMPESINO.

cactus or sun-kissed palm stands sentinel beside some garden wall, over which hangs a profusion of vines and bright-colored tropical flowers.

Along the southern fringe of the city are fishermen's huts, before which hang rows of nets drying in the breeze. Then, for a half mile, extends the alameda, lately remodeled under the direction of Mr. German Michaelson of the banking-house of Schumann & Co. The ground is laid out in broad walks, gardens, and a driveway, with flashing fountains and cozy benches under delightful waving trees, where the townsfolk loiter to enjoy the sea air and an evening talk. In the center is one of the most rustic of pavilions, before which the commodious new building of the "Club Nautica" is built over the bay.

At the left of the alameda is the custom-house and a number of wharves, where vessels are receiving and discharging cargo. All day long at this season, the burly, black stevedores, wearing but a pair of linen or cotton trousers, are seen on the wharves, or in the "holes" of the vessels, loading raw sugar to be shipped to the States, working like Trojans regardless of heat, and shining with dripping perspiration. In the rear of the wharves are located the houses of Brooks & Co. and of Bueno & Co.,—the largest bankers and exporters of sugar in Eastern Cuba. The former firm has the enviable record of an unbroken century in the same family. The Conde di Pecci, actual manager of the latter house since the death of the elder Bueno, its founder, is a near relative of Pope Leo XIII. Although these houses,

combined, do a business of several million dollars a year, the buildings they occupy are not noteworthy, save as monuments of solidity and antiquity.

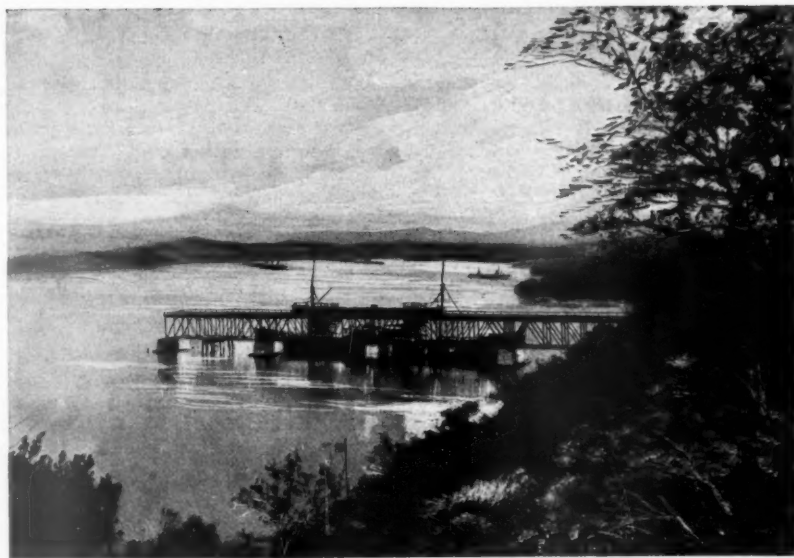
Further on, at the left, is the railroad station, with a jostling crowd of dusky Cubans awaiting a train, and a mixture of blue-frocked guards, armed with muskets and sabers. Beyond are the gray walls of the city abattoir, before which fifty-three members of the Virginus expedition were shot in 1873.

Toward the center of the city, looking up the narrow streets, may be seen the American consulate, on Calle Catedral, with the familiar stars and stripes flung to the breeze; and opposite the consulate, on an elevated site formerly occupied by a monastery, is the market-place of to-day, where gaily-turbaned negresses, campesinos, and an odd Chinaman



A GIANT CUPEY.





PIER OF THE JURUGUA IRON COMPANY.

or so, in a babel of tongues extol curious wares.

In the distance loom up the venerable domes of the old cathedral,—the seat of the archbishop, and the head of the established church of the island. From its belfry ring out the passing hours, the chimes being wafted far over the water. In front of the cathedral are observed the tree-tops of the Plaza de Armas, the public park, where the military band plays Thursday and Sunday nights, when half the town, including all the pretty señoritas, turn out to promenade, to see, and to be seen.

A glimpse is also caught of the governor's palace, fronting the plaza on the north; and toward the bay, but a block to the left, may be seen the theater in which Mme. Adelina Patti, at the age of fourteen, and under the direction of Gottschalk, made her début on the public stage,—an incident always referred to with pride by the townsfolk, to which is added a tale, still lingering, while a Santiago bachelor watches the flight of the bird of fame and fortune with regretful but admiring eyes; and it is known here that Mme. Patti herself loses no opportunity to learn of the welfare of her first lover.

But why more of Santiago? A book could not do justice to its interesting customs and sights. And what a history! Founded by Velasquez in 1514, twenty-two years after the discovery of the new world,—the scene of wars; leveled by earthquakes and burned by fires, only to



CALLE CATEDRAL.

be rebuilt, it remains to-day, with, perhaps, a single exception, the oldest city of the hemisphere, besides which our boasted St. Augustine is a young lad in knickerbockers. Here Spain raised her ensigns for the conquest of the two Americas. Hence, in 1518, started Juan de Grifalve to conquer Yucatan; and, later, in 1527, to take Nicaragua. Hence set out Cortez to conquer the Aztecs of ancient Mexico. Hence departed Narvaez, in 1527, for the conquest of the Okechobee valley in Florida, then known to Spaniards as the land of the Casima and of the Tallahassee Indian. Sunk in the bay, near shore, lies the *Soberano*, Spanish navio, hero of Trafalgar, and which, in 1829, left Cuba with an expedition, under command of Barradas and Laborde, to complete the conquest of Vera Cruz and Tampico.

An event, hardly to be dignified as history, but none the less interesting, is that Boss Tweed came to Santiago, in 1875, in his vain flight from the Tombs. He, with a companion, had escaped from New York in a vessel bound for South America, and

both were put off by the master at a wild and solitary spot fifteen miles down the coast. One thousand dollars, it is said, was paid for a landing. A few days' shelter was obtained at the hut of a lone fisherman hard by, but as the province was then in a state of revolution, and the fisherman could not understand English, he became suspicious of the strangers and drove them away, notwithstanding the substantial inducements they offered to be permitted to remain. Tweed, calling himself "*Secar*," and his strange companion, under the name of "*Hunter*," then trudged to Santiago, each carrying two heavy grips, afterward found to contain gold and bank-notes. By this time Tweed's flight had been noised around the world, and his lavish expenditure of money in this quiet, tropical town, began to create distrust. After remaining here a month, and fearing a longer stay would be fatal, the two took passage on the schooner *Carmen*, at anchor in the bay, and bound for Vega, Spain. But cablegrams resulted in the famous arrest at the end of the voyage.



THATCHED-ROOF FISHERMAN'S HUT.



*Drawn by Thomas Moran.*

## BRIGHAM YOUNG AND MODERN UTAH.

BY JOHN A. COCKERILL.

MY travels on this globe of ours may be said to be longitudinally confined to Turkey in the East and Utah in the West—from Moslem to Mormon, so to say. A recent visit to Salt Lake City convinced me that from a sociological standpoint the followers of the Prophet Smith are more interesting as a study than the followers of the Prophet Mahomet. There are three quaint and unique cities on the continent—Quebec, St. Augustine, and Salt Lake City. One must needs see the latter—the capitol of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, with its great ten-acre blocks, its broad, rectangular streets, its mountain water system, its queer Mormon walls, temple, and tabernacle—to appreciate the marvel of the Mormon exodus of 1846, and the stupendous works of Brigham Young, that wondrous leader and builder. After a somewhat close study of the achievements of the Mormons of Utah I am constrained to say that if I were called upon to name three great natural leaders of men who

have figured in the foremost ranks in this country's history, I should feel compelled to place Brigham Young in the list. The force, the foresight, the will-power, and the sagacity of this man seem to me marvelous as I contemplate him through cool vistas devoid of prejudice.

The early admission of Utah to the sisterhood of states lends a new aspect to what has been for years questionable territory. The new, or rather modern Utah, is to be considered politically and socially. I remember the surprise with which I heard the announcement that the recent election in Utah had shown a Republican plurality on Congressional representative. It had seemed to me that the persecution of the Mormons by the host of reformers who cried aloud and unceasingly for years against the last of the "twin relics," set against the kindly attitude of a Democratic Congress and a Democratic President in opening the gates to statehood, would have inclined the Mormon voter toward the Democratic

party. In this connection some important facts must be borne in mind. First, it should be recalled that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints received its virility and impetus from New England. Its prophet was a native of Vermont. Brigham Young was born in Vermont. Heber C. Kimball, Orson Pratt, Sidney Rigdon, Orson Hyde, John Taylor, and all the potential promoters of the faith were of New England birth or extraction. Presidents Woodruff, Cannon, and Smith, who constitute the triumvirate

exodus to the west after the assassination of himself and his brother Hyrum in the Carthage (Illinois) jail in 1844. To this day it may be said that the American element of Mormondom has not forgotten the persecution so viciously inflicted by the pro-slaveryites of Missouri and Illinois, nor the fact that a Democratic president sent an army to Utah to subdue the Saints in 1857. It was in that period that Brigham Young proclaimed that if his realm should be invaded by national troops his people would burn town, village, and homestead, as the Russians burned Moscow, and march away from the universal devastation to find homes in some other clime.

In addition to their antislavery bent, the early Mormons were schooled in the protection belief by the Prophet Smith. This many-sided man wrote ably on political economy, and as early as 1839 he had engaged both Calhoun and Clay in public controversy. The Mormons of to-day are Protectionists. For years they have practised protection in the concrete form in building up the industries of Utah. During the late political campaign, pamphlets containing Joseph Smith's writings on protection were distributed by the thousands throughout Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, and Nevada. And the voice of the Prophet was hearkened unto. Thus we have an accounting, in a measure, for the political attitude of the Saints to-day.

A great change has come to Utah in the abolition of polygamy and a shaking off of territorial garments. New hopes, new aspirations, new systems have arisen. The relentless warfare which was waged for years by the predatory Gentiles of Salt Lake City upon the Saints has ceased. The influences of such broad-minded Gentile leaders as Col. Isaac Trumbo have been felt in softening the asperities of twenty-five years of strife. New political lines are forming. It is claimed by the Mormon hierarchy that since the abandonment of polygamy accessions to the Church have shown a marked increase. Missionaries go out yet to the ends of the earth in quest of converts, and now that the prime cause of outside hostility has been removed, it is claimed that the Church must grow rapidly. There are four hundred thousand communicants of



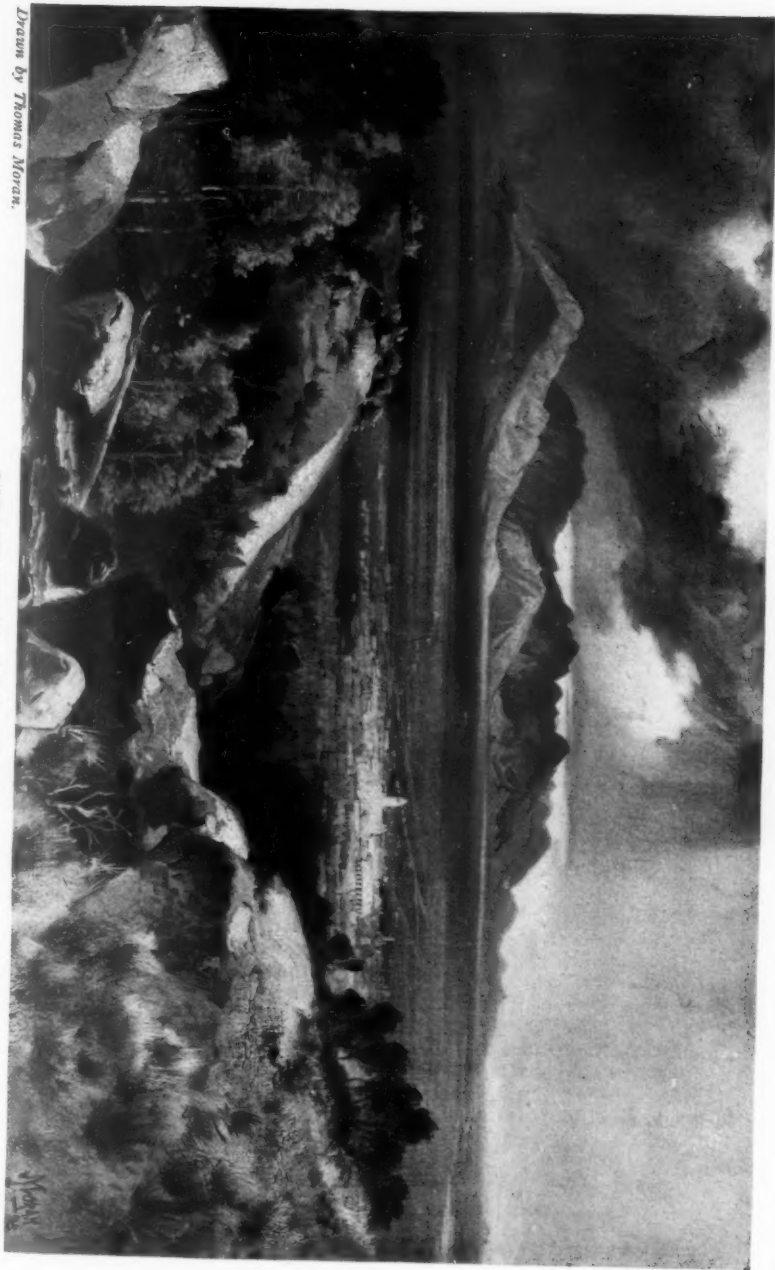
*Drawn by Thomas Moran.*

MARY'S VEIL: BULLION CAÑON.

now controlling the destinies of the Church, are thorough New Englanders. These men were all antislavery in sentiment. The Prophet Smith was a natural politician, and he aspired to statesmanship as well as church leadership. In 1844, while at Nauvoo, Illinois, he announced himself a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. His hostility to slavery invited much persecution of the Saints in Missouri. In fact, the Prophet's entrance into politics caused the Mormon

*Drawn by Thomas Moran.*

SALT LAKE CITY AND WAHATCH RANGE.





*Drawn by Thomas Moran.*

AN AVALANCHE IN COTTONWOOD CAÑON.

the Church of Latter Day Saints in the west. The bulk of these are in Utah, but it is represented that there are enough in Wyoming, Idaho, and Nevada, to control these States politically. It may be argued that the introduction of politics into the Church, and the opening up of political careers to aspiring young Mormons will bring discord into the Church. Many of the elders, bishops, and apostles have sons who yearn for senatorships, governorships, etc., and it will be remarkable indeed if human nature does not assert itself in the old way. Already there may be heard the echoes of strife, and a sermon recently preached by President George Q. Cannon in the tabernacle, which I heard,

suggested the essential essence of oil poured upon these much troubled waters. There is a fresh spirit of hopefulness in the new Utah. I attended, while in Salt Lake City, a public meeting in the old Brigham Young theater which was called to give impetus to the Chamber of Commerce and its work. President Cannon presided, and the stage was crowded with representative Gentiles and Saints. I was assured that a year ago it would have been impossible to bring together such a body in peace. I heard much from the speakers touching the mineral resources of Utah, its coal, natural gas, products, and manufactures. The Mormon beet sugar factory at Lehi, which cost six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and which is just ap-

proaching the profit point, was well explicated; also the woolen mills of Provo. The sugar beet has been in three years brought to a point where it can be made to yield in the valley one hundred dollars to the acre. This through irrigation and careful study of soil and methods. This meeting to "boom" Utah was full of enthusiasm, and the spirit was unmistakably that of "protection to home industries."

Socially, as well as politically, Utah is undergoing revolution. Where there was a few years ago but little contact between sects, there is now a gradual breaking down of barriers. Gentiles who have shown a kindly spirit in the past are now



welcomed in the best Mormon social circles. The abolition of polygamy has divided up Mormon families and made new homes. It is a curious fact that the splendid home for discarded Mormon wives, which the Government has erected in Salt Lake City at great cost, has never echoed to the tread of a Mormon woman. It is soon to be devoted to some other

has been difficult. He married three sisters in the temple at the same time. He could not conscientiously designate his "lawful" wife, for he felt that they all had equal claims upon him. He has undergone considerable martyrdom in trying to elucidate the problem—including a term in jail—but there has been, I believe, some satisfactory adjustment.



*Drawn by Thomas Moran.*

LAKE MARTHA, IN THE WAHSATCH RANGE.

purpose. The theory that in the breaking up of polygamy scores of Mormon wives would be given over to poverty has not been sustained. The polygamous Mormons have all selected one wife, and for the others and their children equitable provision has been made. Bishop Hiram Clawson, one of the ablest men I met in Utah, had three splendid families. When the decree came, he elected to live with his first wife. His immense estate was divided on strict lines of equity between the three families, and they are all living in affluence and happiness. Just before my arrival in Salt Lake City the good bishop had a family reunion or "round up" on the lawn of one of his estates, and had the ineffable pleasure of counting seventy odd children and grandchildren, all healthy and happy. With Angus Cannon, the adjustment to the new order

The educated class of Mormons are essentially sociable. It was the order of Brigham Young that his colonists should be kept steadily at labor in the daytime, while the evenings should be given up to social entertainment. He specially commended dancing. In every ward of the city of Salt Lake there is a Mormon building containing a hall for meetings and dancing. Frequently these dances are opened with a sort of "grace" on the part of the presiding bishop. The young people are all adept in dancing. Music is also much cultivated, as well as private theatricals. There is scarcely a young Mormon woman in Salt Lake City who has not had a musical education. The schools, which are among the finest in the country, all teach music. Nearly every young woman performs on the piano, harp, or violin. Many are showing great

talent and are being sent abroad to be further educated. The prettiest and sweetest-natured girl I have seen in many years, I was presented to at one of these Mormon dances. She is only sixteen, and yet she is recognized as a violin virtuoso and is soon to go to a conservatory

developed under persecution and privation. A people who could drag their weary way across the unknown plains from the Mississippi river to the valley of the Salt Lake, ever in a state of apprehension, often hungry and never comfortable; who could labor incessantly,

fight Indians while erecting a new world, and love and protect while facing a future more uncertain than usually falls to the lot of man, could not fail to be followed by progeny blessed with physical and intellectual vigor. I predict that before a great while the dramatic and lyric stage will both draw heavily upon the artistic talent of Utah.

One cannot even spend a day in Zion without forming an exalted opinion of the executive ability and phenomenal foresight of Brigham Young. The stamp of this famous leader is upon everything. From that July day in 1847 when the first detachment of the migrating Saints wound down the pass in the Wahsatch mountains into the valley of the promised land, and Brigham, feeble from illness, struck his cane upon the ground and proclaimed, "Here shall we build our temple," down to the day of his death, his masterful activities were in play. Not

only in the architecture, but in the naming of the streets of his city, his originality is manifest, for who can successfully wrestle with street nomenclature which embraces "West Third South street?" To this spot Brigham brought his host without the loss of a single person—led always by his vision—and here he located, despite the protest of old frontiersmen such as Bridger. "I will give you a thousand dollars," said Bridger, "for the first ear of corn ripened in the valley." Droughts had parched the valley until it was as arid as a limekiln. President Wilford Woodruff told me how he, as a youth, anxious to be at work, planted a half bushel of potatoes which he had brought from Missouri



*Drawn by Thomas Moran.*

WATER POCKETS IN SOUTHERN UTAH.

in Paris. It is the boast of the Mormon leaders that they can produce with home talent, and most acceptably, any opera that New York can present. The great home-made organ in the tabernacle—marvelous instrument that it is—has been a great educator to these people cut off for years from the world of art. The tabernacle choir of five hundred voices is a specimen of what the Mormons can do in a musical way. Young men are taking to art in various forms. I met many promising young painters and sculptors, and was told of others in the schools of Munich, Paris, and Rome. The fact is, the rising generation of Mormons is to be heard from. It is made up of the grandchildren of strong men and women who

Drawn by Thomas Moran.

AN EARLY SETTLEMENT.





*Drawn by Thomas Moran.*

CANYON OF THE RIO VIRGEN, SOUTHERN UTAH.

within a half-hour after the leader named the spot where the new city should arise. He managed to save the seed. The first scanty crop of the colonists was attacked by grasshoppers, and gulls came from the great lake and devoured them. In this Brigham saw a miracle, and the gull is held in the same reverence in Utah that the stork enjoys in Germany. In the Great Salt lake Brigham saw the Dead sea, and in the river which skirts it the Jordan. To him the journey across the plains was as the exodus of Israel's children. Everything was bent to his will and purpose. In creating his system he was arbitrary, and at times almost tyrannical, but he needed to be for, as Macaulay says of Hasting's rule in India, he was as the baker who, before he can bake a loaf, must first till the soil, reap, build a mill, and erect an oven. The new temple, which was forty years building and which was recently dedicated, is a splendid monument to the genius of Brigham Young. It cost five million dollars. Before its dedication invitations were sent to many Gentile citizens to visit and inspect it, but now it is a holy sanctuary into which only the elect may come. They who enter enjoy eternal life. The temple, massive and pervading as it is, will not stand the application of the strict

rules of architecture. It is unique. It is the creation of Brigham Young from foundation to the gilded heraldic angel, Maroni, on the topmost spire. So is the Eagle Gate, with its twenty-mile street leading up to it, the Bee-Hive, the Lion House, and the Endowment House. From tabernacle to temple and tithing-houses, the architecture is Brighamesque. Salt Lake City, with its sixty thousand inhabitants, its inviting foliage, its parks, its temples, its factories, its homes—many of them not larger in superficial area than a sleeping-car—stands as the noblest example of organic colonization in the world. The new temple, to be appreciated, must be seen from a plateau behind the city. It then looms up in majestic lines, lacking the Gothic grace of the Milan cathedral, but filling the whole valley with its ponderous proportions, somber, yet inspiring.

No one can give intelligent study to the career of Brigham Young without admiration for the genius which directed him. He would have been a great man and leader in any department of life. What a soldier he would have made! One sees in the shop windows of Salt Lake City a print representing Prophet Joseph Smith, mounted and in the uniform of a lieutenant-general of the Mor-

mon forces. Turn from his sharp profile and peculiar, protuberant nose to the stern, strong-willed, massive face of Brigham Young, and you have a contrast in forcefulness as striking as that afforded by a corn-stalk militiaman and the Duke of Wellington. In the early days Brigham laid down as his policy: "It is cheaper to feed Indians than to fight them." Yet when nothing but fight would answer the savages he accommodated them. How many lives the Young policy would have saved had our resentful frontiersmen followed it!

It must have been early apparent to Brigham Young that his system could not stand up against the encroachments of the outer world, else why did he not assert the doctrine of isolation at the outset? The great valley was his and for his people, and yet the Gentiles came and camped within his gates in the fifties. To every religious sect that set itself up in Salt Lake City he gave a building lot. The Catholics, open and eternal foes of Mormonism, have there to-day a splendid charitable institution standing upon ground specially donated by Brigham Young. He advocated the trans-continental railway before the people of the east dreamed of it, and he lived to see it completed and pouring hostile homeseekers into his capital. He urged the construction of telegraph lines, and it was through him that the first postal line was established between the territory which he created and the Atlantic seaboard.

He practised and advocated plural marriages because he wanted his colony to increase. His native wisdom must have told him that the institution could not survive, because, in addition to the outside hostility it invoked, the children of polygamous marriages did not take kindly to the system. It could not be made self-sustaining. It was not until after the Mormons had turned their backs upon Nauvoo, then the second city in size in Illinois—and their temple, which stood second only to the national capital as a structure, that polygamy was openly proclaimed. It was not, indeed, until 1852 that it was avowed as a doctrine of the Church. To Brigham Young, who so ably defended it upon biblical and



*Drawn by Thomas Moran.*

WATER CAVES AT KANAB, SOUTHERN UTAH.



Drawn by Thomas Moran. QUARRYING GRANITE FOR THE TEMPLE: COTTONWOOD CAÑON.

patriarchal grounds, it meant fructification and rapid colonization. The fact that he left fifty-six children shows the practical side of the system, and as King Lear needed soldiers, so he needed converts and industrials. With his foresight and clear mind it must have been apparent that eventually polygamy would have to be abandoned, but that belonged to a future which saw Utah raised to statehood, with the mighty Mormon element in control socially, politically, and financially. And that condition exists in this year of our Lord 1895. As prejudice wears away under the attrition of time and increasing intelligence, Brigham Young stands out in strong, clear light. His power, originality, and genius as a leader is everywhere recognized. He sleeps obscurely now in a bleak, lonely graveyard in a corner of the great city which he created, but the sons of the men who persecuted him and embittered his closing days will yet set up a statue in his honor and the world will ever know him as the "Founder of Utah."

The Mormon Church to-day is directed by three presidents—ranking in the order named—Wilford Woodruff, George Q.

Cannon, and Joseph Smith. The latter is a nephew of the Prophet. Mr. Woodruff, as one of the pioneers of 1846-47, is the essential spirit of the Brigham Young system. He is eighty-seven years of age. When I handed him a newspaper one day, he read the article to which his attention was called without glasses. He has a stern-set face, such, I imagine, as Joshua of old presented, but as an executive he is neither harsh nor inexorable. Old as he is, he seems adjusted to the times and is always accessible during business hours. President Cannon is the practical leader who comes most in contact with the world. His years of life in Washington city, as a representative of the Territory, have given him an extensive acquaintance and knowledge of affairs. He is an orator and a statesman as well as a churchman. President Smith has a thoughtful, introspective air. He is devout and clerical in manner. In a conversation with Presidents Woodruff and Cannon, I was struck by the kindly sentiment which pervaded all their expressions. Reference was had to the persecution of the Saints during the last decade, but no word of bitterness came from them. The mention of Judge



*Drawn by Thomas Moran.*

LAKE UTAH: SUMMIT OF MOUNT NEDO ON THE LEFT.



McKean's acts did not provoke wrathful spirit, and it may be imagined that in Mormon circles the name of McKean ranks with that of Jeffries in Devonshire. I regret to say that many of the Gentiles in Salt Lake City have not learned so well the lesson of forgiveness.

As I have said, the work of building up the Mormon Church is going on vigorously. Material progress is also aimed at. The Mormons of Utah are the most patient and industrious people I have ever seen. The theory of Brigham Young was that the poor of the earth who came to his colony should have lands, and homes, and education, and that their chief happiness should be found in toil. Behold the results of such a policy—churches, school-houses, factories, mines, railways, and wealth on every hand. Even to-day there is talk of a railway between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles, California, under Mormon auspices.

Thus, within the short space of half a century, a great State has sprung up in the land, as it were, before our very eyes. Its fame, with that of its founder's, has become world-wide. The name of Brigham Young as leader, legislator, and ruler, will do down to posterity in the

foremost rank, and glorious, indeed, is the legacy he has left behind. He was a man of which any sect and any country might be proud—of the metal from which heroes are made. And the city which he laid out and governed stands to-day, with its silent temple, an eternal monument to the little band which fought its way, with privation and suffering, across a continent. It is seldom given to the founder of a state that the body which he has organized shall grow to such marvelous completeness and maturity within fifty years. Nothing which Brigham Young planned in the self-exiled community of 1847 has failed to reach a well-rounded fulfilment in the modern Utah.

While the once-great sect of Quakers in this country is dying out; while the communities of Shakers are passing from sight; while Dunkards are disappearing, Oneida communities and the Brook Farm Association are being forgotten, the great Mormon colony of the west is flourishing and expanding with new influences. It remains to be seen whether it can retain its concrete form and settle itself to new conditions. If so, four states of this Union must for years pass under its social and political domination.



*Drawn by Thomas Moran.*

WILHELMINA PASS: WEBER CAÑON.

## A HOUSE-PARTY AT ABBOTSFORD.

BY NINA LARRE SMITH.

IN a sequestered corner of the ivy-walled garden at Abbotsford stands a sundial. Shadows gliding across its time-worn face have silently marked the hours since Sir Walter Scott, then in the midst of his financial troubles and harassments, carved with his own hand upon the stone, "I will work while it is day."

All know of his lofty courage, when worn by illness and pain he still drove his pen across the pages that his debts might be paid and his honor vindicated; that Abbotsford, whose walls he had reared with love and pride, should remain his and pass to his descendants. Bent over his desk in the dusky quiet of the great library, he fought debt inch by inch, cheered by the sympathy and veneration of the world. His pleasure was greater when despatching fifty pounds to his creditors, than when receiving gifts from his sovereign. "But the glory dies not, and the grief is passed."

No one takes more pride in that "glory" than Sir Walter's great-granddaughter, who welcomed the writer to Abbotsford. Sir Walter's daughter, Sophia, married John Lockhart, the historian. They had three children, the youngest of whom, Charlotte, married James Hope, Esq., who by act of Parliament took the name of Hope-Scott. They also had three children, the eldest of whom, Mary Monica, my hostess, was sole heiress of Abbotsford and other large estates, the other two children having died. In 1874 she mar-

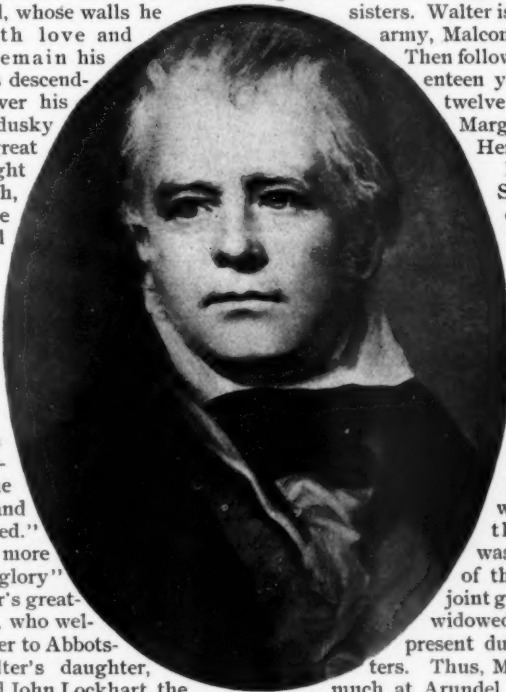
ried the Hon. Joseph Maxwell, a younger brother of Lord Herries, of Everingham Park, whose title and estates he will inherit, as Lord Herries has no son. Mr. Maxwell also legally took the name of Maxwell-Scott, and the first child born was named Walter Scott. Upon this auspicious occasion the Queen telegraphed with her congratulations, "He shall be knighted 'Sir Walter' when he is twenty-one." This boy is now nineteen years of age, and has six rollicksome brothers and

sisters. Walter is destined for the army, Malcomb for the navy. Then follow Josephine, seventeen years old; Alice, twelve; Michael, ten; Margaret, seven; and Herbert, two.

Mrs. Maxwell-Scott's mother died while she was still a child, and her father married, in 1860, for his second wife, Lady Victoria Howard, eldest sister of the present Duke of Norfolk.

Mr. Hope-Scott, having been a warm friend of the late duke, was, upon the death of the latter, made joint guardian with the widowed duchess for the present duke and his sisters. Thus, Mary Monica was much at Arundel Castle, the ancient seat of the Duke of Norfolk, and there grew to girl-

hood, surrounded by the stately and luxurious splendor of one of the most magnificent homes in the world. She romped under the great walls which William the Conqueror reared, ran riot through the lofty corridors and through the gruesome ruins of the historic "Keep."



SIR, WALTER SCOTT.

The Duke of Norfolk, the secular head of the Roman Church in England, has from his youth lived in an atmosphere of religious society and practice. Mr. Hope-Scott became a convert to that faith, and Mary Monica was also trained in his belief, enjoying with those about her the companionship of the most distinguished men of the religious world. Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman were her childhood friends, and the latter preached her father's funeral sermon, a remarkable eulogy upon a modest, yet effective life.

To this interesting girl all England looked to perpetuate a famous name. Of much personal beauty and distinction, combined with an unaffected nature, she met with a warm welcome on her entrance into society. When presented at court by her aunt, the Duchess of Buccleugh, the Queen, quick to appreciate the beauty and interest of the young débutante, kissed her on both cheeks before the astonished court, exclaiming, "This is all we have left of Sir Walter."

Suddenly ushered from a life of comparative seclusion to one of brilliance and adulation, it was remarkable that so young a head should not have been turned. Fêted and flattered, surrounded

by suitors, her modesty and simplicity remained untouched. At the end of her first season she returned to Arundel fancy-free, there unexpectedly to meet her fate.

Descending the grand staircase one evening she met the Hon. Joseph Maxwell, just arrived for a week's visit. Love at first sight is as rare as true love itself, but then and there "each knew the kindred heart." The charming young officer made no secret of the impression made upon his heart; but was called with his regiment to Gibraltar, and left with nothing decided. The following winter Miss Hope-Scott spent with the dowager Duchess of Norfolk in Algiers. Toward spring Mr. Maxwell was brought there from Malta to convalesce from a fever, and then it was that sympathy completed what affection had begun.

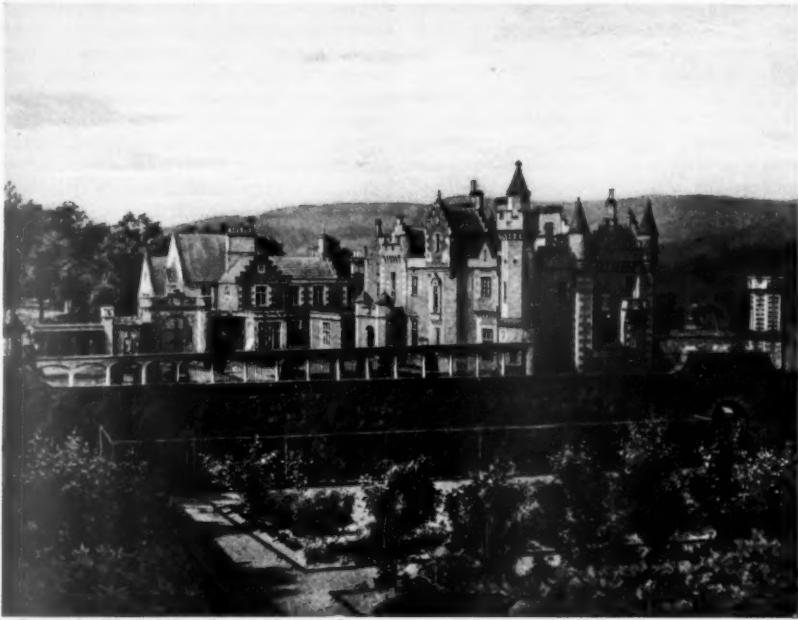
The wedding took place in the private chapel of Arundel Castle before many noble and distinguished guests, and the happy pair drove away in the white coach, drawn by four white horses, which had performed a like service for many generations of Arundel brides.

Great was the joy at Abbotsford when its charming chatelaine and her handsome young husband came into their own.



*Drawn by W. C. Filler, from a photograph.*

THE ENTRANCE HALL, ABBOTSFORD.



*Drawn by W. C. Fittler, from a photograph.*

ABBOTSFORD—THE GARDEN FRONT.

Bonfires upon the hills, triumphal arches, bell-ringing, and cheers welcomed them home. The reserved Scotch tongues of their tenants unbent to do them honor; prayers were offered in all the churches, and a new reign of peace and affection began at Abbotsford.

The power of heredity is strikingly apparent in the resemblance of Mrs. Maxwell-Scott to her illustrious great-grandfather. The familiar, drooping, blue eyes of Sir Walter look out from beneath a wide, full brow, which is so like that of Chantrey's head of the great novelist, that it might have served as the model. A sensitive temperament and studious life have cast a shadow of seriousness over her face, which otherwise would be girlish with its fresh and delicate coloring. Despite the personal oversight which she gives her children, and the social demands upon her time and strength, she makes it a point to know every tenant on their large estates. She tenders them not only material help, but what is more rare in this egotistical world, her personal interest and sympathy in the every-day de-

tails of their simple lives. It needs the diplomacy of a Talleyrand to reach the core of those reserved, proud, Scotch peasants, but with gracious tact she has won the affection and confidence of them all.

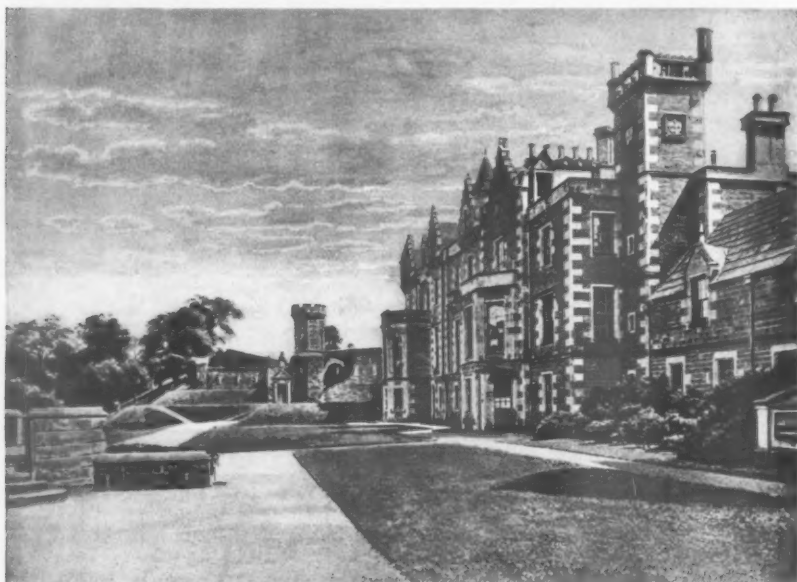
She finds time as well for an outlet for her literary tastes. She edited the last and best edition of "Sir Walter's Diary," which Lockhart greatly abridged, suppressing nothing from the original and adding many interesting notes of her own. English magazines constantly publish able articles on secular and religious matters from her pen, and not long ago Harper's Monthly also had her name among its contributors.

On the afternoon of our arrival at Abbotsford, the sun was sinking, a red disk behind the hills, as we drove through the stately park to the house. To an American girl fresh from the glowing pages of "Marmion," "Kenilworth," and "Ivanhoe," it was like a fairy dream to be welcomed beneath the roof where they were conceived. I almost expected to see Sir Walter's genial face framed in the stone lintel of the door. The first greetings

over, we assembled in the summer drawing-room for five-o'clock tea. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, animated and charming, dispensed tea from a divan beneath a drooping palm, after which the children were brought in for their accustomed "hour." With shouts of laughter the younger ones "hunted bears," the bears being impersonated by half a dozen distinguished men on "all fours," including our very tall host and a renowned church official.

The Duke of Norfolk, who was also stopping there, looked on with a wistful smile. Although he is Mrs. Maxwell-Scott's step-uncle, he is no older than

duke of the realm, whose unique privilege among the curious customs of his country is that of being the only one of Her Majesty's subjects who may sit in her presence with covered head. Many sad instances of grief for his lost wife were revealed. In one of the castellated towers, from whose windows one catches glimpses of the distant sea, is the late duchess' boudoir. Each object remains as she left it. The room is an odd mixture of mediæval and modern luxury. Tapestries of the tenth century cover the walls; from the groined, stone ceiling hang ancient lamps of rough iron, while pretty



*Drawn by W. C. Fittler, from a photograph.*

VIEW FROM THE TERRACE.

herself. Still young and prepossessing, he had only a few months before lost his ardently loved wife, leaving him alone to rear their one child, an invalid boy. He goes little into the world, but devotes his time to the Church, the poor, and his books. His life at Arundel is unlike that of his feudal ancestors, for his tenants are ruled by love, not fear. In the town of Arundel he has built a church of great beauty, and deeded it to the town in his son's name. The writer, on a subsequent visit to the castle, was impressed by the simple domestic tastes of the premier

bric-à-brac from Bond street strew the tables, and luxurious divans and palms serve to soften the somewhat grim splendor of the room. In a corner by the window stands her lace-pillow, with its tangled bobbins, as she last used it. The wind from the wild German ocean whistled round the tower, and down the great chimney of the fireplace, in which armorial bearings were carved in the stone. In spite of the order and luxury, it seemed deserted and melancholy, as though "all but memories were fled."

At eight o'clock the guests at Abbots-



ford assembled in the drawing-room for dinner. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott in her evening gown looked very girlish, save for her matronly poise and dignity. A servant brought to her a basket filled with loose, white heather and maidenhair-fern. Dexterously, with silver thread, she twisted them into boutonnieres for each of the men as they passed to dinner.

The dining-room, of noble proportions, opens upon a lawn from which stately terraces descend to the river Tweed. In the panels of the oaken ceiling are emblazoned the arms of Hope and Buccleugh. On either side of the stone fireplace hang portraits of Sir Walter's mother and father, and other relatives. Amid massive service pieces on the buffet stands Lord Byron's silver vase, which that fickle friend sent to Sir Walter "filled with dead men's bones."

Dinner is an important and dignified function in English country-houses. One may romp all day, but eight o'clock must find both mind and body prepared for the occasion. It was droll to see men who had played like boys till dusk, discussing their soup over irreproachable three-inch collars in elegant decorum. The precedence at an English dinner strikes an American a trifle across the grain. It may be that a titled stripling, with no higher merit than prowess in the football field, enjoys the seat of honor at the right of his hostess, while gray beards, renowned in political or artistic fields, are placed "below the salt." They doubtless console themselves by the inward conviction, "Where I sit, there is the head of the table." However, it is the pleasing custom during these house-parties, to waive such ceremony after the first evening, and all enjoy the informality.

When the men joined us after dinner, we danced, listened to music, and strolled about the moonlit gardens. The charm

of this perfected home-life, free from effort or striving for effect, is happily becoming known in our country, and may well be imitated. The somewhat undignified publicity of the general summer life in America is not conducive to refinement in the American girl, or to dignity in the matron. Dancing at public "hops,"



THE COMING SIR WALTER.

lounging about piazzas and casinos, and meeting, per force, undesirable types of both men and women, must result adversely, in comparison with the reserve and seclusion which attends country-house life in England.

We were awakened from our first morning slumbers at Abbotsford by the "Angelus" bell ringing from the private chapel, where, each morning, service is read by the master of the house, or by the priest who may be a guest at the time. I

hurried down and out into the fresh, dewy air, and reached the chapel as a few guests and the servants were settling in their places. The twinkling lights below the drooping, pathetic face of the Christ on the altar, paled beside a cataract of gold which poured through the open windows. The short service was simple and impressive, closing with a few earnest words from Father D—, after which we passed out between the lines of standing servants.

"Can you live a little longer on air?" asked our host. "There will be time for a stroll in the garden before breakfast."

We had reached the walled garden, entered by a portal set in a stone arch, through which a carriage-drive passed to the house.

"This," said my host, "is the 'royal road' to Abbotsford. Only sovereigns and members of royal families ever pass through." He then mentioned an amusing incident in connection with the Queen's visit in 1867. Everything was, of course, *en fête* for the occasion. Special liveries for the servants were ordered; game, flowers, and fruit came from London, and there was every prospect of the royal dinner being a gala affair. When, however, they were awaiting Her Majesty's entrance into the drawing-room, word came that being much fatigued, she wished only "a cup of tea and an egg" in her room. Such is the simplicity of greatness. "Other royalties, too," he added, "have passed through this gate. Empress Eugénie with the Prince Imperial, the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, the Prince of Wales, Duke of Albany, and Prince Leopold, as our guests. We felt like flinging them wide open when Longfellow, your prince of sweet singers, honored us with a visit. Here also came John Bright, Mr. Ruskin, Emerson, and others, but old customs will prevail."

The gardens about us were planned by Sir Walter in the interim of his literary work, and are carefully kept in the bloom of his favorite flowers. The walls are entirely covered by a remarkable growth of ivy six inches thick, save where are impaneled in the green at intervals, curious, antique bas-reliefs, given to Sir Walter by a friend, who excavated them personally in Greece.

Beneath Sir Walter's chamber window

in this garden, is the grave of Maida, marked by a life-size effigy of his favorite hound. The head is raised, as though watching for his master's face at the window. Beyond the gardens, undulating hills sweep to the horizon, some thickly wooded, others bare save for the purpling heather.

"The entire domain of Abbotsford was as verdureless as those more distant hills," my host explained, "till Sir Walter's day. It was he who created these forests. Each tree was the gift of some friend, or was brought from a distant country. Norway, Sweden, Spain, Palestine; in fact, almost every country in Europe is represented here, and most of them were planted under Sir Walter's own supervision. He and his beloved canny henchman, Tom Purdie, accompanied by Maida, loved and tended every one of these great trees when they were saplings; and oftentimes they buffeted their way through snow and sleet to straighten some storm-bent exile."

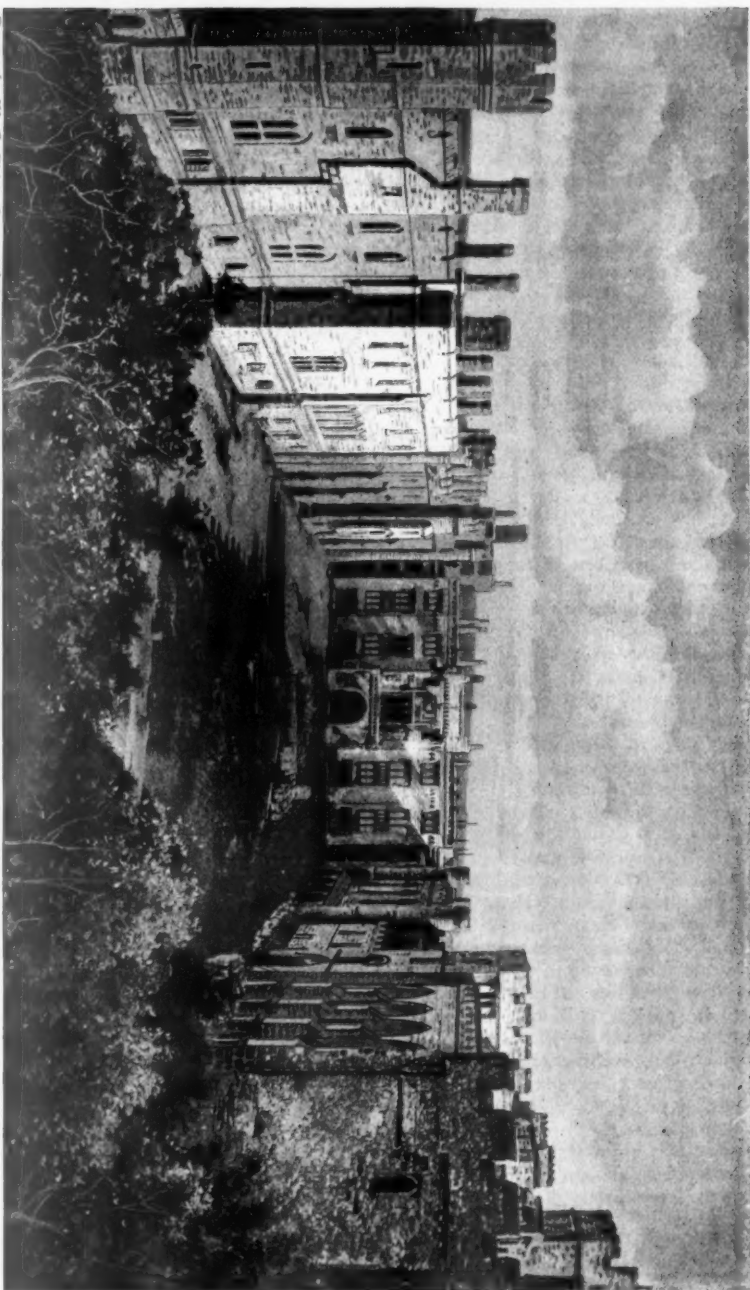
On our way back to the house we found the children flying down the almost perpendicular, grassy slopes of the terraces, on Canadian toboggans. The fun was irresistible, and for a while we all entered into the sport, with something of the novelty enjoyed by Louis XIV. in his mid-summer sleighing upon the salt-covered roads of the Trianon.

Breakfast proved far from the joyless affair one usually dreads. No servants were in the room to mar the freedom of the conversation. As the guests sauntered down, each chose his place regardless of precedence. Great "four-in-hand" chafing dishes of edibles were on the side tables, from which the women were served by the men. *Tête-à-têtes* of the evening before were renewed under cover of scones and pasties. Plans were laid for the day: some to ride, drive, play tennis or cricket; others to accept our host's invitation to drive to Traquair, the ancient seat of King David, Scotland's first ruler, built nearly a thousand years ago.

A couple of hours later, as we bowled through the country, we could but remark the exquisite neatness and thrift of the Scotch cottages—small, but all of stone, with gay flower-beds and freshly-curtained windows. Old men rose to doff their caps with a smile, and children ran

*Drawn by W. C. Filler, from a photograph.*

ARUNDEL CASTLE, WHERE SCOTT SPENT HIS CHILDHOOD.



after the carriage shouting, "Gude mawning, maister." As we passed Melrose, ethereal in the morning sunshine as in moonlight, we wished for Tom Purdie to discourse, as he did to Washington Irving, on the beauties of what he modestly termed "my auld bit ruin. It is na' speckless and fit like a bauble, but there be muckle tales aboot it. I'm na' of a gaen-aboot body, for nae one ha' to gang awa' to see the sights. My ayld kirk is the grandest sicht ony mon's ean could look on."

Traquair is little known to the traveler who keeps on the beaten track of sight-seers, yet it is surpassed by few castles in antiquity and historical interest. It was at one time the summer residence of Mary Stuart, and its present chatelaine, Mrs. Maxwell-Stuart, is a lineal descendant of that unfortunate queen, her husband having taken her name. We passed under a vine-covered arch, through the chase, where deer stood knee-deep in fern and bracken, to the house. The great pile stands in a park of wild beauty. Its walls of solid masonry, eight feet thick, are in places literally worn away with age.

After a merry lunch in a corner of the dining-room, where the stone fireplace was vast enough to roast an ox, our hostess led us through the home of her royal ancestry. Tortuous corridors and low-ceilinged rooms were dark and mellow with age. The main staircase winds round and up in a tower, its stone steps worn into hollows by the generations of a thousand years, now sleeping in the sunny graveyard of the park. High above the moat was Queen Mary's chamber, with its faded tapestries and tiny altar erected in one corner of the room. Our hostess showed us the oaken cradle from which James VI., as a baby, laughed into the

beautiful face of his royal mother, and the great four-poster on its dais where Queen Mary once lay dreaming of a golden future. Behind the arras, near the bed, a door opened, letting into the room a gust of cold air and the sound of running water. A flight of stone steps led down into the impenetrable blackness of a passage be-

tween the massive walls and under terraces, where the "four Marys" once strolled and coquetted, beneath the Tweed, into a forest half a mile away,—a convenient means of retreat from many dangers. In the picture-gallery, armored figures alternate with portraits of dead Stuarts. We were attracted by a full-length picture of a blue-eyed lad painted in his armor, in the original of which he had yielded his young life at the battle of Crécy.

On descending to the drawing-room one evening, I found it lacked some time until dinner. The quiet of

the deserted rooms roused a spirit of adventure, for it seemed a delightful opportunity for reveling in the associations of my surroundings. I passed into the entrance hall with reverence, for there, and in the rooms beyond, consisting of Sir Walter's study, library, winter drawing-room, and armory, nothing had been changed since his personal arrangement of each article they contain. In a basket grate, before which Archbishop Sharp ruminated, prior to his murder in 1679, a fire was burning. Above the paneled walls (taken from the Kirk of Dumferline and Erskine's pulpit) casques and helmets caught and reflected the flames on their burnished surfaces. Beside the fireplace (a model of the "Abbot's Stall" at Melrose) is the famous "Mistletoe Chest," in which poor Geneva playfully hid herself on her wedding night, her bones to be discovered years after.



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER,  
MRS. MAXWELL-SCOTT.

One could spend hours of interest among the historic and curious trophies gathered here, but I was reminded by Marie Antoinette's clock ticking merrily between a model of Robert Bruce's skull and the keys of the "Heart of Midlothian," that time was passing. I went on into a tiny room in the turret, called by Sir Walter, "Speak-a-bit," from its convenience for a tête-à-tête. It was here that Lady Scott wrote her letters and kept her household accounts, and in the window stands the bronze cast of Sir Walter's head, taken after death.

Thence into the armory, hung with hundreds of warlike relics, from the jeweled swords of kings to the battle-axes of kaffirs. It was a labor of love as well as of time, to classify and arrange this homogeneous collection, and was one of Sir Walter's favorite hobbies.

In the library, twenty thousand volumes line the walls, from the polished floor to the oaken ceiling, the latter copied from the roof of Roslin Chapel. Sir Francis Chantrey's bust of Sir Walter, like a presiding spirit, smiled from a niche, placed there on the day of his funeral by his son, the second Sir Walter, who died soon after. A life-size portrait of the latter hangs above the fireplace, taken in the gay uniform of the Fifteenth Hussars. On the desk, given to Sir Walter by George IV., is an odd collection: Cardinal Mezzofanti's skull-cap, beneath which plotted the crafty mind of that astute churchman. Near it are Napoleon's sleeve-buttons, found in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo; a bit of the last dress worn by Queen Mary; the snuff-boxes of George IV. and that of honest Tom Purdie lie side by side. Do these uncongenial companions ever exchange reminiscences? Would that they could have taken me into their confidence!

Beyond the library is Sir Walter's

study, severe in its simplicity. There everything was quiet and full of repose. The moonlight drifted in through the mullioned windows, touching here and there objects once dear to the dead man. Rob Roy's pictured face smiled from a shadowy corner. Queen Elizabeth in court regalia, danced "high and deposedly," as though exulting over Queen Mary, whose jeweled cross hung below. A gruesome portrait of the latter's head hangs opposite, taken immediately after death; it bears the date, "February 9,

1587," the day after her execution, and also the painter's name, "Amyas Cawood," the brother of Mary's faithful attendant, Margaret Cawood.

Yonder on a table, made from the wood of ships belonging to the Spanish Armada, were locks of hair shorn from the heads of Prince Charlie, Lord Nelson, and the Duke of Wellington. From opposite walls, Oliver Cromwell and Nell Gwynn, the strong and the weak, eyed each other with mutual disdain.

As in a dream, the room became peopled with those who had once been welcomed there by Sir Walter. I saw him standing by the window, his white hair silvered by the moonlight, listening with amused interest to Tom Moore's witticisms. The "Iron Duke" strolled by with the beautiful Duchess of St. Albans.

Maria Edgeworth and Washington Irving chatted with Wordsworth, while Byron sat near in cynical silence, watching the throng of celebrities.

But statesmen and great ladies gradually faded away. Only the genius of the place seemed to brood in the quiet room: the books he loved, his desk containing his manuscripts, his chair in which I was ensconced, were the only visible signs of the great novelist, who had himself lived in a world of beautiful dreams.

But the time for departure approached. Our last excursion was to Dryburgh



THE HON. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT.



Abbey, the burial place of Sir Walter. On our drive we stopped for a cup of tea at Montiviot, the home of the Earl of Lothian, whose name is most widely known for his ability in Parliament. All measures for good meet with his hearty co-operation, and his energy and good judgment have made him a power in his party.

Montiviot is famous throughout England for the superb finish and perfections of its gardens. Brilliant parterres of flowers glow in vivid splendor against the immaculate velvet of the lawns, from which every leaf and twig are banished as from a drawing-room floor.

We found the countess, her two pretty daughters, Lady Cecil and Lady Margaret Kerr, with their guests on the tennis-courts. Great oaks made a dense roof of green above the tea-table, on which steamed the Russian samovar. Lady Lothian and her daughters resemble the best types of American women, more than the women of their own land: slender, animated, and perfectly gowned. On remarking the above to the daughters of the house, the writer was surprised to see an interchange of satisfied glances between them.

"Are you then pleased at being considered American?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "It is what we English girls all try to be, for you American girls are so awfully the fashion, you know."

Sir Walter sleeps in a ruined arch of Dryburgh Abbey, amid stirring trees and the song of birds. Lush grasses and white heather, are a soft carpet for the small, wild creatures he loved, which make the wooded dell their home. So sheltered is it from rude winds and jar of sound that Nature seems to stand above the quiet sleeper with warning finger on her lip. In a life of fame, adulation, and ceaseless effort, his choice of this secluded spot for his grave seemed an expression of his desire for deep and undisturbed repose.

With his descendants, as with the world, he is not a "silent memory." In their life of peace and prosperity, he who did so much toward rendering it thus fortunate, is held in loving veneration. The towers of Abbotsford are no more their heritage, than is the example of his courageous and vigorous life, the epitaph of which might well have been,

"I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul."



*Drawn by W. C. Filler, from a photograph.*

THE LIBRARY AT ABBOTSFORD.



## THE NIXY'S CHORD.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

I.

DAGFINN was sixteen years old when the story was told to him of the Nixy's chord. Night after night he

went to the cataract and sat listening until a strange rhythm seemed to steal into the rush of the water. And the longer he listened, the surer he felt that there was a melody, too,—a wondrously sweet and alluring melody. And did he really, through the white veil of water, see the Nixy sit vaguely fingering the strings? He thought surely that he saw him. But the people said that he who learned the Nixy's seventh chord would have to give his own soul in exchange. Unless some one cut the strings of his fiddle, he would play himself straight into eternal perdition.

Night after night Dagfinn lay awake pondering this awful problem; and the thought kept haunting him what the Nixy's chords were like. The most tantalizingly alluring melodies began

to run in his brain, and gave him no peace until in some way he could fetter and hold them fast. He knew where his father's fiddle hung. It simply harried his mind,—tore it up and mangled it,—



Drawn by Osterlind.

"SHIVERINGLY HE PULLED THE BLANKET ABOUT HIM."

this knowledge that the fiddle hung upon the topmost hook in the fur closet in the loft. The vision of it hanging there, with all its wonderful melodies hushed and dumb, like brilliant butterflies curled up in their chrysalis, tormented and drew him with an irresistible force. There was no help for it; he had to go up into the loft.

In the next bed, his brother, Halvar, was sleeping like a stone. Shiveringly he pulled the blanket about him, flung it, toga-fashion, over his shoulder, and stole on tiptoe up the stairs, which creaked abominably. The summer twilight was thronged with hideous phantoms and goblins, which stretched out shadowy hands to grab him, and he shuddered with fear in his innermost marrow. But that fiddle—that fiddle! It shone and sparkled with a meteoric refulgence. It attracted him like a magnet, and all the specters that peopled the dark could not deter him. Now, they made awful faces, stretched out their tongues, and put their fingers to their noses! No matter! The fiddle was there, and he had got it. He sat down on a large wolf-skin coat which smelled strongly of camphor, and began experimentally to thrum on the strings. Delicious shudders ran through him. He tried the screws, which stuck fast, and strained the bass string, which hung slack until it made some sort of concord with the rest. But when he got hold of the bow and tried to pick out the latest tune that possessed him, he made discords that excoriated his ears. It was terribly sad: not a single harmonious chord could he produce. He had to take to thrumming again. The tone intervals between the strings he soon caught, and then he managed to hint, as it were, at the cadence of the strain, and that gave him infinite delight.

He had taken care to close and bolt the door, so as to make sure that no one heard him. And thus he sat until the dawn began to flush the eastern horizon. Then he crawled down to bed again, stiff in every joint and shivering with cold. But the next night and the next he repeated the experiment, and remained undetected.

But, of course, this could not continue. He must learn music, cost whatever it might. There was Anders Volden, the

schoolmaster in the cottage down by the river. He had a violin, and played all sorts of reels, and hallings, and spring dances at weddings and funerals. He could not play like Germund Jonsrud, to be sure; it was plain that he had never tried to catch the Nixy's chords. But still, he might teach Dagfinn what he knew, and he would himself coax the Nixy, as his father had done, to entrust to him the deeper mysteries. Full of bravado, but all tremulous within, Dagfinn sought the old man, and developed an astonishing eloquence in his endeavors to persuade him. It was the question of secrecy which troubled Anders; but it was upon this very thing that the whole plot hinged. And in the end the boy's ingenuity prevailed. Anders promised to give him secret lessons, and it was amazing what rapid progress he made. Within six months he could play better than his master.

## II.

The parson had a daughter named Dorothy, a slim, will-o'-the-wisp of a thing, but terribly enterprising. Dagfinn met her for the first time when they both were being prepared for confirmation. He had admired her, to be sure, at a distance, from her pinafore period, when she sat in her father's pew in church, with a blue velvet hood on her head, which kept bobbing up and down during the entire service, and occasionally received a disciplinary shake from the lady at her side. It was a fact which Dagfinn had heard his mother comment upon, that the parson's daughter, who ought to be an example to other children, behaved disgracefully in church. But, as he was not without sympathy with her misbehavior, he took to watching the blue hood, and it was astonishing how much shorter the sermon seemed after he had discovered this diversion. "Such a whimsy-slimsy thing," said his mother, who incidentally suspected his admiration, and was determined to discourage it, "a good north wind could blow her away."

Dagfinn expressed the hope, or would have expressed it if he had dared, that in that case she would not venture out in windy weather. For all that, it was to a storm that he was finally indebted for her

acquaintance. It was in a February thaw, with a howling northwester and gusty showers mingled with sleet which stung your face like a whip-lash. He was trudging along with his sturdy, tarred top-boots, splashing delightedly into every puddle, when he became aware of Dorothy's frail figure arrayed in a waterproof, with a wrecked umbrella in one hand, and with the other gathering her flapping draperies about her ankles. She was standing on an insulated stone at the roadside, surrounded by a sea of snowy slush, under which there was a substratum of gnarled, bluish ice. He saw her dilemma in an instant, and being unused to polite palaver, he only lifted his cap, and then put both his arms about her and carried her in safety to the stone steps of the building where her father instructed the candidates for confirmation. She fought like an angry cat, called him a horrid boy, and finally pitched his cap into a puddle. But he trudged along imperturbably, paying no attention to her capers, and deposited her safely in the vestibule. There, instead of thanking him, she stared at him in angry defiance, smoothed half absent-mindedly her rumpled feathers, and then with alarming suddenness burst into tears. He stared back and cursed his awkwardness, being under the impression that in some way he had hurt her. As, however, he was powerless to comfort her, he walked away without a word, but with a desperate sense of wretchedness.

He saw her often enough after that, but she appeared not to see him. There was in her air a sort of missy scorn of all things masculine, and he felt crushed under the weight of her contempt. It may have been the utter sense of unworthiness induced by her treatment of him, rather than her father's homilies, which caused a temporary religious awakening in him. He became pious, prayed morning and night, and paved his whole future with good resolutions. He regarded the fiddle as sinful, and paid no more nocturnal visits to the closet in the loft.

And thus the time passed gloomily until the day of confirmation arrived. Then she, too, was emotionally aroused. The solemnity of the occasion appealed to her, and she prayed for strength to forgive her

enemies, and those whom she had despitefully used. And the one who primarily benefited by this resolve was Dagfinn. Scarcely could he trust his own eyes, when he saw her walk up the aisle at the head of the procession of girls. She was no longer the "whimsy-slimsy thing." She seemed to have undergone some miraculous transformation over night: her bust was beautifully rounded, her angular shoulders and sharp elbows had become grace itself, and her expression had a certain, still, radiant sweetness which was intoxicating. She wore the black silk dress in which her mother had been confirmed twenty-two years ago, and a beautiful lace collar which had belonged to her grandmother. The quaint old-fashion of these garments imparted to her an air of something so touchingly virginal,—so primly and sweetly maidenly,—that Dagfinn felt tears in his eyes whenever he looked at her.

He was standing with his father and mother out in the churchyard, waiting for the horses, when the pastor and his family approached them. The clergyman was in full canonicals, and his wife looked conscious of her dignity in her artless finery, which served, however, its purpose in emphasizing her gentility and distinguishing her from the simple peasantry. It was no unusual thing for the pastor to stop and shake hands with a parishioner and congratulate him on his son who had passed a creditable examination,\* and neither Germund nor his wife found it at all remarkable; nor were they astonished when Dorothy stepped up to Dagfinn and offered him her hand, fixing upon him a pair of deep, candid eyes. But Dagfinn himself was overwhelmed, dumbfounded. The landscape swam before him in a luminous haze, and Dorothy's beautiful eyes, with their wonderfully soft and dewy expression, made him dizzy with delight.

"I hope you will forgive me, Dagfinn," she said with a gentle half-smile, "for behaving so badly to you when you carried me across the yard in that awful storm. I ought to have thanked you; in place of that, I really believe I came near scratching your eyes out."

"Oh, that was nothing to speak about,"

\* It is the custom in Norway to catechize the candidates for confirmation in the presence of the congregation, before admitting them to the first sacrament.



Drawn by  
Osterlind.

"HE BECAME AWARE OF DOROTHY'S FRAIL FIGURE"

retorted Dagfinn, blushing to the edge of his hair with embarrassment.

"But I shall yet feel better for having spoken about it," she retorted sweetly. "Good-by."

She offered him her hand once more, and he held it for a moment in his own. It was such a soft, slender hand, so won-

drously delicate, and yet its touch gave him a slight shock, whereupon a warm current of blood seemed to diffuse itself through every part of his body, enwrapping him in a strange, blissful glow.

The next time he met Dorothy was in the kitchen of the parsonage. It was but a few days after the confirmation, and his mother had sent him with a large keg of butter, a couple of prime cheeses, and a pair of geese as an offering to the parson. As it was Dorothy's week to keep house, it became her duty to receive these gifts and to thank for them. And how ravishing she looked in her simple calico dress, with a white apron pinned to her bust, and the air of busy domesticity with which she tested the butter and cheese, praised their excellence, and gave orders for their bestowal in the proper enclosures in the cellar. Then a large trap-door was opened in the kitchen floor, and she descended with a lantern, followed by Dagfinn,

who volunteered to carry the heavy kegs. From the great bunch of keys that depended from her waist she selected one and opened a closet in which he deposited his burden. Then she showed him the potato bin, from which long, white shoots were crawling up to the thick, dusty window-pane of bottle-greenish

glass. The cabbage and the turnips he had to inspect, too, and the hyacinth bulbs and dahlia roots that hung in long rows under the rafters. The insects had destroyed a number of them, and she asked his opinion as to how many he thought might yet be alive. She had the greatest difficulty in finding any servant who understood how to plant a flower-bed. She had marked the color of the flower on a slip attached to each root and bulb, but either they could not read, or they wilfully ignored her instructions.

The lantern which she held on a level with her eyes, spread a vague circle of light about her head, and her fresh, girlish face seemed to start out of the dusk like a wondrous flower out of the black earth. She was so wholly free from embarrassment that Dagfinn, who had at first been somewhat constrained, began to feel a contagion of her happy candor. The situation was so unusual. He and she alone in this cool, damp, subterranean cell, talking about potatoes and cabbages, and hyacinths and dahlias. There were other things which he would have much preferred to talk with her about, but he could never devise a way of introducing them. He had a sudden burning desire to confide to her his secret ambition to learn the Nixy's chords. What would she say of that? He yearned to know how it would strike a mind like hers. But in his innermost heart he felt a sting—an aching pang, at the thought of the distance which separated him from her. How would she receive such a confidence from him? He could imagine the look of haughty surprise with which she would chill him. But before he had time to lose courage, he had an inspiration. The flowers would give him a chance to continue the acquaintance. He would offer his assistance in laying out her flower-beds. And when, with girlish eagerness, she accepted his offer, he could have shouted with joy. In no wise was he disturbed by the calm, clear common-sense of her speech, or the cool equanimity with which she gave him her hand at parting. He had never hoped that his presence, even in subterranean privacy, would affect her as her presence affected him. If she would only tolerate him, he would be content. If she would allow him to serve her, he would swim in beatitude.

## III.

What a civilizer, in the most beautiful sense, a girl can be to a boy! What a world of new impressions the mere sight of her arouses! What undreamed of things begin to stir in the depths of his being at the dawning consciousness of sex! Dorothy was yet at the stage when she was intensely feminine rather than womanly. There was a great deal of the spoiled child about her, and a certain sovereign caprice not unmingled with superciliousness. Boys were absurd and ridiculous creatures whom she consented to notice out of pity for their awkwardness and stupidity. Girls, she declared, were so very much cleverer and altogether more sensible and rational. There were a hundred things about Dagfinn which provoked her mirth—things which to him were, and remained, utterly mysterious. But then there were moments again when she repented of her ruthlessness, when her conscience troubled her, and she resolved to be good, and gentle, and patient. At such times she showered kindness upon Dagfinn. She even condescended to criticize his appearance, in a disinterested spirit; informed him that his way of wearing his hair was "horribly rural," and advised him how to cut it in a more enlightened way. But when, following her advice, he presented himself with the "enlightened" hair-cut, she clapped her hands and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. Then he swore that he would have nothing more to do with her and her flowers. But in spite of all resolutions he went as usual, worked like a trooper, and basked in her smiles of approval. But confide in her, he could not: she was yet too far above him. He feared her laughter, her astonishment; he adored her, but it was as a creature made of finer clay. The sense of privilege which she was not loathe to keep alive in him prevented them from meeting on terms of equality and comradeship as boy and girl.

For a while this situation remained unchanged. Then, in the first week of April, a great thaw came, the river rose rapidly, and the parson and his family had to move out of their homestead for fear of being carried away by the flood. Dagfinn induced his father and mother to

invite them to Jonsrud. Germund did not like the idea, at first; but his wife persuaded him that the dignity of the family demanded it. That if the parson did not come to Jonsrud, he would have to go to Steen or Birkevold; and that was not to be thought of. Accordingly, horses and karyols were despatched to the parsonage, and Dorothy and her parents were installed under the same roof as Dagfinn.

#### IV.

The flood subsided slowly in the course of a week; but three months elapsed before the parsonage became habitable. The walls and the ceilings were ruined; the foundations of the house were knocked awry and loosened, and the woodwork was so soaked with water that it seemed as if it would never dry. These three months were the happiest period in Dagfinn's life. To watch Dorothy's dainty manners across the table,—the way she held her knife and fork, the exquisite curl of her ear, and the little supercilious feature about her mouth, which was slightly emphasized by the straight, fine, high-bred nose. There was in the expression of the whole demure little face (though I fancy he did not detect it) something of the self-conscious wisdom of seventeen. What he did see, however, or I should rather say feel, and that very acutely, was the definiteness of her young personality. Like the planets, she carried her own atmosphere with her wherever she went. Since her birth, she had been accepted unquestioningly for what she was, and had rarely been found fault with. No wonder she held herself to be a person of consequence. Under her demure mask, however, there was usually a half-suppressed ripple of laughter,—young, thoughtless, foolish laughter,—which to him was highly contagious. There was a sort of secret freemasonry between them, and she knew she could appeal to his sympathy when (as often happened) she was shaking with internal mirth. Only once did she come perilously near offending him by this readiness to see ridiculous things, which to others were invisible. She was seized at the dinner-table with one of her unaccountable attacks of risibility, and finally excused

herself and left the room. In five minutes she returned, blushing and resolutely grave. It then dawned upon Dagfinn that it was his father she had been laughing at, and he suddenly felt his ears burn, though with embarrassment rather than indignation. The pastor's wife had, by accident, dropped her spoon upon the floor, whereupon Germund, with peasant straightforwardness, had offered her the one he had himself been using.

They were daily together, were constantly roaming over the fields, rowing on the river, catching perch and trout, and setting salmon traps under the cataract. But still, in spite of their happy comradeship, he could never quite screw up his courage to confide to her his musical secret. Never once had his father touched the fiddle since the pastor and family came to Jonsrud, and when his restless moods came over him, he only worked with a more furious energy. Strange to say, the presence of Dorothy had exactly the opposite effect upon his son. He was constantly possessed with a musical fervor. He was aching to tell Dorothy about the Nixy's strain; but, whenever the confession trembled upon his lips, the dread of her risibility would come over him, and he would remain silent; for he felt that if she laughed at that, he would find it hard to forgive her; and she was so very precious to him. He could not afford to risk his relation to her on any stake, even the highest. And so week went after week, and he had said nothing.

It was an evening early in June, when Dorothy had been simply adorable. Dagfinn had said good-night to her at the foot of the stairs, and had retired to his room. But just as he had undressed, a wonderfully alluring strain began to hum in his brain, repeating itself with the tenderest modulations, then swimming in a melodious haze, from which, again, the clear, enchanting tune would start forth, and rock, and dance, and warble with delirious caprices. It was of no use that he turned over on his left side and on his right, repeated the multiplication table, thought of a waving field of wheat, and all other devices for inducing sleep that he had ever heard of. The melody would not be banished. He was so wide awake that it seemed as if he never could sleep again.





*Drawn by  
Osterlind.*

"HE DEPOSITED HER SAFELY IN THE VESTIBULE."

Having wrestled for hours with his importunate fancies, he rose, wrapped the blanket about him and mounted the stairs to the fur closet in the loft. Then he pulled down the old wolf-skin coat (which would muffle the sound), sat down upon it, and began to tune the fiddle. What wonderful ring there was in it, to be sure. He thrummed vaguely and warily on the strings, and there was a joy in each chord which resounded from the deepest chambers of his heart. No, there was no help for it; he must try that with the bow. It was too intoxicatingly beautiful. And up went the fiddle to his chin, and the bow swept lightly—cautiously—over the strings, and the hushed melody filled the narrow space. But strain followed upon strain—one more enrapturing than the other. Dagfinn forgot all except the ecstasy of being able to produce such music. Swifter and swifter flew the bow, louder and more wantonly alluring the melodies whirled out into the still night. He shut his eyes, threw back his head, and played himself into a blissful frenzy, during which his blood seemed to surge to the rhythm of his strain. His heart beat to it, and strange, elfin voices called to him from afar, now indistinctly, now again clearly and brightly, and with an inconceivable sweetness of tone. And through the whirling haze that encircled him he caught glimpses of Dorothy's lovely face, now with her teasing smile, now with her "missy" scorn, and now again with a noble seriousness, and eyes full of dim, tender yearning. With each fresh glimpse there stole a new note into his play. He felt it so acutely: something challenged him to express it. It seemed like a new experience.

So absorbed was he in his improvisation, that he did not hear the slight creak of an opening door, nor did he see an alarmed face, framed in a wealth of blonde, disheveled hair, that was thrust in through the opening. The moon was sailing across the sky, sending a soft flood of light through the dusty window-pane. Some big, blue bottle-flies were aroused from their sleep and began to buzz boozily on the sill. A mouse scampered across the floor and ran over Dorothy's foot; but she did not heed it. Presently, steps were heard on the stairs, and she gave a little scream and evapo-

rated. He dropped the fiddle, and fancied he saw a white, willowy figure slip out and vanish in the dusk; but he was not sure. Had he not seen her with his eyes shut? Was it not his fancy that had conjured her out of the moonlight? But another thing he was very sure of, and that was that it was his father's steps he heard in the loft. It would be useless deception to hang up the fiddle, and he therefore remained immovable, hugging it to his breast. There is no denying that he was internally quaking; all the camphorated overcoats on the wall began to move in a ring, and there was a heavy oppression in the air. The steps paused for an instant, then the door was thrust open, and the big frame of Germund almost filled the narrow room.

"My son," he said, with an ominous gentleness, "is this the way you obey me?"

Dagfinn shivered, but made no answer.

"In God's name, Dagfinn, where did you learn to play like that?" Germund went on with anxious solemnity.

"Oh, I don't know. It just came to me," stammered the boy, not wishing to betray his friend the schoolmaster.

The reply disarmed his father. He stood mournfully silent for some minutes, as if he were pondering. He leaned up against the wall, and Dagfinn marveled to see how mild and noble his features looked in the moonlight.

"Poor boy," he sighed, as if talking to himself, "poor boy! He could not help it. It was in him, and it had to come out."

"Play that piece for me again, my son," he continued, with that sense of relief which there is in giving up a struggle. The imprisoned sentiments which for years he had guarded clamored for escape, and the door was already ajar. It was only a question of time when their captivity would be at an end. Dagfinn looked up incredulously, not daring to trust his ears. "Play it again, as nearly as you can," his father repeated with eager urgency.

Dagfinn lifted the violin to his chin and began to play. It was not the same that he had played, for he found it impossible to play twice alike. His father's presence affected him at first with a vague constraint, and the old freedom and boldness were wanting. But, as he began to



*Drawn by Osterlind.*

"HE SAW HER WALK UP THE AISLE AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION OF GIRLS."

feel the sympathetic intelligence of his listener, his touch grew warmer and surer, and the play of fancy more brilliant and daringly original. At the end of an hour, when the colors of the dawn began to burn on the eastern horizon, Germund seized his son's hand and said:

"You have done well. You are indeed your father's son."

There was something almost wounding to the young man in the moderation of such praise. He had expected much more.

"But, father," he cried imploringly, "tell me this: Shall I ever be great—as great as you?"

Germund knitted his brows and fastened a searchingly serious gaze upon his son.

"Nay, thank your God," he said, with a deep, quivering earnestness, "that one thing is wanting you, and may you never know what it is."

"I know it," said Dagfinn, in a wild, intense whisper, "it is the Nixy's strain."

The old man tumbled against the wall, as if he had been struck. His face was ashy gray, his lips trembled, his breath came in agonized gasps. "My God," he groaned, "it was all—in—vain—all in vain."

### V.

Dagfinn slept late after his nocturnal encounter with his father, and Dorothy did not make her appearance for breakfast. At the midday dinner she was distraught and serious, and eschewed everybody's eyes. The pastor made a few feeble jokes in the hope of arousing her risibility, but she smiled only faintly and with visible effort. All day long she tormented Dagfinn by appearing oblivious of his presence, or openly avoiding him. Once, when by chance their glances met, the color flared out upon her cheeks, and in a flash the conviction came to him that it was not her wraith but her actual self he had seen in the night. There was something so sweetly virginal in her embarrassment, and it affected him with a vaguely joyous oppression of pain and unrest. But when he presumed upon the new relation between them to seek her, taking boldly the initiative, she grew scornful again, or studiously indifferent, and finally took refuge in a sober, impenetrable domesticity, going into the pantry to help his mother to weigh out the weekly allotments of flour, coffee, and sugar.

Thus three days were spent in futile fencing and playing at hide and seek; but on the fourth day, which was Friday, she begged him, with something of her old, frank comradeship, to row her down to the parsonage, where she wished to give some directions to the workmen. But when they got into the boat she grew pensive and serious, blushed at the least provocation, and seemed ill at ease. There was in her glance, when she looked at him, a shy interest which now and again deepened into admiration. She was at great pains to recover her old tone of friendly

condescension, but with poor success. They spent an hour at the parsonage, where a hundred practical concerns absorbed her attention, and it was late in the afternoon when they were again on their way up the river. He took off his coat and rowed with long, vigorous strokes, and she sat in the stern of the boat letting her hand glide through the water. There was a wondrous, sweet, summer stillness about them; the forest and the green fields were clearly reflected in the placid water. Now and then a trout leaped for a fly, and a series of widening rings gliding over the surface marked the spot where it had risen. Dagfinn rested on his oars and let the boat drift. He looked at Dorothy, and a calm contentment and confidence came over him, which he had never known before. She returned his glance with a warm, honest directness, which was beautiful.

"Dorothy," he began, "do you believe in the Nixy?"

"When I hear you play, I can believe in anything," she answered, simply.

"Then it was you I saw in the lost three nights ago."

"Yes, it was I. Sleep was out of the question. I heard the most wonderful hushed music, and I could not resist finding out where it came from. At first I was afraid. I thought of trolls, and nixies, and all sorts of strange creatures. But what I saw was stranger than anything I could have imagined."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, Dagfinn, you are a great genius. No one but a genius could play like that."

There was something so overwhelming to him in praise from such a source, that Dagfinn felt the tears burn under his eyelids.

"Oh, no," he said, half deprecatingly, "I lack one thing."

"And what is that?—Training?"

"No, I lack the Nixy's chords."

"You don't mean that."

"Yes," he asserted solemnly. "I mean it. Don't you know about father?"

"No. What about him?"

"They say he has caught the Nixy's chords."

"It isn't possible. There is no Nixy."

"Do you think so? But how then could father learn the strain? They say there are seven chords in the Nixy strain."

I am going to try to learn the first three or four; but not the seventh."

"Why not the seventh?"

"Because you have to give your soul in exchange."

"Your soul in exchange! To whom?"

"To the devil."

"Oh, no; that is a nursery tale. What has the Nixy to do with the devil?"

"He is a pagan creature, and you know they say the reason why the Nixy's play is so wonderfully wild and sad is that he knows he can have no part in the salvation of Christ."

"Who told you that?"

"Old Guri, the pauper."

"How does she know it?"

"Oh, she is as old as the hills, and she has known many wise folk who are now dead. They have told her."

Dorothy sat for a moment looking straight at him, with a laughing twinkle in her eye. "Oh, you dear, stupid boy," she said, with something of her old superiority. "You don't believe that?"

"Yes I do."

"Well, I, though I am not old as the hills, will tell you something far wiser. What you need is training, practice, study—not the Nixy's chords."

"But how am I to get it?"

"That I don't know; but I'll speak to father about it."

She made it her first business the next day to convince the pastor that Dagfinn was a musical genius; and when Dagfinn had played before the pastor, there was no longer any need of persuasion. It was soon decided that he must go abroad and study music at the conservatory of Leipzig. Germund was at first opposed to the plan. It seemed a hopeless undertaking to impress him with an idea which lay so remote from his sphere of thought. But one single phrase which the pastor employed seemed to smite his conscience.

"Genius," said he, "may as often be a curse as it is a blessing. Suppressed, combated, denied the opportunity for a full development, it becomes a source of misery. Fostered, encouraged, and granted the chance to attain mastery, it may afford the greatest happiness which this earthly life can yield. Are you willing to assume the responsibility of denying your son this chance?"

"No," the peasant answered, with the

fervor of deep conviction, "that I will never do."

The preparations for the journey were soon made, and Dagfinn was to take leave of the valley which contained all that was dear to him. But he was young and light-hearted, and flushed with radiant hopes. Only the thought of leaving Dorothy troubled him. He was in danger of misinterpreting her zeal in hastening his departure. She seemed so happy, so proud on his behalf, so trustfully secure; and it was not until he was gone that she discovered how empty the valley had become; how barren and meaningless the days which his companionship no longer brightened.

## VI.

For five years Dagfinn remained in Germany: they were busy years, filled with toil, humiliation, and some few gleams of triumph. The masters at the conservatory scarcely knew what to make of the shy and stubborn peasant lad, who, with all his eagerness to learn, yet baffled their efforts to teach him. They made him play Haydn, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, and he played them coldly, laboriously, without a glimmer of intelligence. His improvisations they declared to be chaotic fantasies, defying every rule of composition, and every principle of thorough-bass. Into everything they gave him to study he imported an alien note, which they were at a loss to account for. The minor cadence seemed to come much more naturally to his hand than the major, and there was a haunting ghost of something elusively ineffable in his stroke, which was ugly or beautiful, repellant or alluring, according to your point of view or your musical bias. It was a matter of controversy at the conservatory whether it was simply idiotic perversity or genius, and the majority inclined to the former opinion, until an incident occurred which divided the camp about evenly.

It was the fifth year of Dagfinn's sojourn at the musical capital of the world. There was to be a semi-public concert, at which the pupils of the conservatory—or those who were accounted worthy—were to perform compositions of their own, after having first submitted them to the

criticism of their masters. Dagfinn composed a symphonic poem in the style of Liszt, choosing as his theme the Nixy, and finding his text in an old Norse ballad which by chance fell into his hands. It ran as follows :

'Neath the wild cascade, where billows wrestle,  
Sits the Nixy\* in despair,  
And the silent fishes dart and nestle  
In the meshes of his hair.  
But at midnight's hour, when dark the woods and  
still,  
Raises he his head from out the waters chill :  
" Love! love! love! oh, thou whom I have lost,  
Come, love, and soothe this soul with anguish  
tossed."

Then his harp, so sad, so softly luring,  
Trembles through the forest lone;  
And the maid whose woe is past enduring  
Draws sweet solace from its tone.  
Yearnings coy, that slumber in her bosom's deep,  
Wake by strange enchantment from their troubled  
sleep.  
Hark! hark! hark! What waves of wondrous  
song  
Sweep through the woods and float the fields  
along.  
Onward, then, with pulses hotly beating,  
Flies the maid with wild delight,  
Blindly drawn into the mystic meeting  
By the Nixy's luring might.  
Through the dusky waters gleam strange, yearning  
eyes!  
Loving arms reach forth and tender whispers rise :  
" Come! come! come!" She leaps into the wave!  
Dumbly the billows wrestle o'er her grave!

There was a great difference of opinion among the professors at the conservatory as to whether the young Norwegian's composition on this theme should receive that stamp of approval which would entitle it to a public performance. But in the end it found a champion among the younger teachers, who, in his enthusiasm, declared that a new star of the first magnitude had risen upon the horizon of art. He carried the day, and Dagfinn's composition precipitated a battle between the conservatives and the progressives which came near having disastrous results. Half the audience hissed as frantically as the other half applauded at the performance of "The Nixy." The composer, who himself played the violin solo, was both praised and ridiculed, and the orchestral accompaniment was pronounced to be a splendid flight of imagination and an imbecile piece of

groveling idiocy. Musicians rarely know the golden mean. They are excessively emotional and have a preference for extravagant terms.

Dagfinn pondered the question whether he should send any of these criticisms home to Dorothy. It was rather on Dorothy's account than his own that he regretted the defeat which he fancied he had suffered. His honesty forbade him to send her the laudatory notices and suppress the uncomplimentary ones, for the latter so entirely occupied his mind that they spoiled his pleasure in the former. It seemed to him that he had been eternally disgraced and that people secretly pointed the finger of scorn at him in the street as the young composer who had been so unmercifully hissed. He knew how Dorothy would take it to heart if she knew it; for she had believed in him when he was nothing but a crude fledgeling, and it was her faith in him which had given him courage to hand in his composition. Nay, there was not a bar in the whole score into which he had not wrought his love for her,—which had not been inspired by some look of hers, by the cadence of her voice, the radiance of her smile, the glance of her eye. All the tender yearning, the turbulent desire, the chaotic passion which quivered and toiled in his chords were but variations of the ever-recurring theme—his life-theme, he called it—his love for Dorothy. It could not be expressed in that classically severe method of Mendelssohn, nor with the sweet, thin, old-fashioned simplicity of Hayden, because there was a deep, mystic strain in it derived from the dark forests and rivers of Norway, with all their dusky poetry of hulders, trolls, and nixies.

A fancy which haunted him with increasing persistence was to compose a symphony which was to express Dorothy—or his own love for her. The idea had taken a firm hold of him from his boyhood, that she was the highest prize of life, the most glorious reward of effort. She was the princess that the Ashiepattle won, and she was the kingdom, too, of joy and bliss, and he needed no other. Failure was the loss of Dorothy, for it meant a life wasted and sterilized in the bud, bearing neither blossom nor fruit.

\* The Nixy is, in Norse tradition male, not, as in English, female.





*Drawn by  
Osterlind.*

"THE LANTERN SPREAD A VAGUE CIRCLE OF LIGHT ABOUT HER HEAD."

Success meant the winning of Dorothy's love, which would arouse all the slumbering depths of melody in his soul, open by a magic touch all the silent stops, and make the instrument pour forth in glorious fullness its wealth of harmony.

Dagfinn, accordingly, wrote nothing, either of triumph or of failure, but with an anxious joy trembled at the thought of the meeting with Dorothy, which now was at hand. For his father wrote summoning him peremptorily to come home, declaring that he could no longer afford to keep him in idleness in foreign countries. He was not loath to obey the summons. He had hoped, to be sure, to

return laurel-crowned and famous, with a proud sense of achievement. During the long, tedious journey the question haunted him: What was the cause of his failure? What did he lack? He could afford to smile now at the idea that it was the Nixy's chords; but we do not always disbelieve what we smile at. His nerves tingled with a faint thrill and the strange, elusive, miraculous strain which had hummed in his ears in his boyhood came back to him in abrupt, irregular snatches. There might be something, after all, in the old legend. There are more things in heaven and on earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

(To be concluded in the October number.)



Drawn by  
Osterlind.

"BUT WHEN THEY GOT INTO THE BOAT SHE GREW PENSIVE AND SERIOUS."

## TO A SKYLARK.

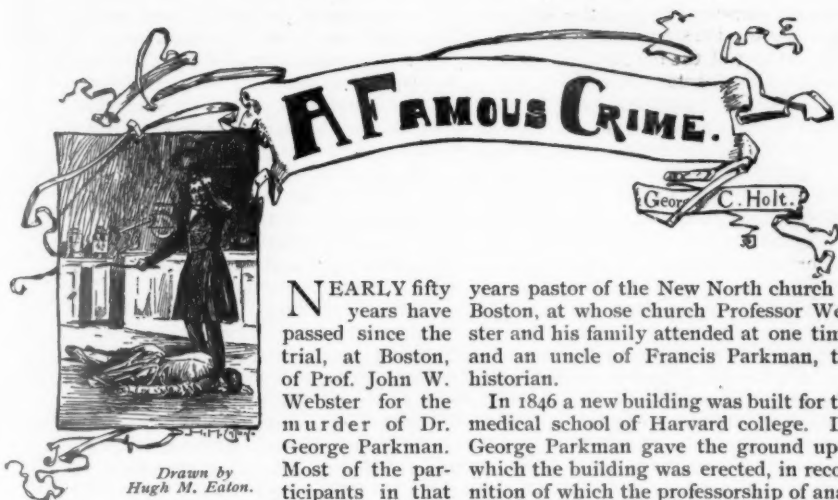
BY WILL HILL.

LITTLE lark that soarest free,  
Pouring forth thy melody  
In chant so clear,  
The day is near

When summer sun no more shall cheer  
Or bring thee glee.

Yet still exult, as far from view  
Thou mountest; though bright days be  
Far better prize [few,  
The summer skies  
And lose them, than with sightless eyes  
Ne'er see the blue.

Thy fate is but the common one;  
On every life the bounteous sun  
Sometime hath shed  
Its rosy red,  
Then sunk, and there have come instead  
Dark days and dun.



Drawn by  
Hugh M. Eaton.

case are dead, and only elderly persons now recall the details which, at the time, excited universal interest. The evidence was purely circumstantial, and the lovers of detective romance found in it all the necessary material for a complicated problem of crime.

The indictment charged that Professor Webster murdered Doctor Parkman on November 23, 1849. It contained four counts: the first charging murder with a knife, the second with a hammer, the third by striking and beating, and the fourth by means to the jurors unknown. The court sat eleven days with long sessions, and over one hundred witnesses were examined. A prisoner, at that time, could not testify in Massachusetts, so that Professor Webster's lips were sealed. The substantial facts which were proved on the trial were these:

George Parkman was born in Boston in 1791, was graduated at Harvard in 1809, and took a degree in medicine at the University of Aberdeen, in Scotland, in 1813. He always lived in Boston, and owned a large amount of property there. He was a slender man with narrow shoulders and a prominent chin, five feet ten and a half inches in height, punctual, energetic, and impetuous, just himself, and demanding justice from others. He was a brother of the Rev. Francis Parkman, for many

years pastor of the New North church of Boston, at whose church Professor Webster and his family attended at one time, and an uncle of Francis Parkman, the historian.

In 1846 a new building was built for the medical school of Harvard college. Dr. George Parkman gave the ground upon which the building was erected, in recognition of which the professorship of anatomy and physiology in the medical school, which was held for many years afterward by Doctor Holmes, was named the Parkman Professorship. The new medical college was situated on North Grove street, Boston. It had a basement and two upper stories. The entrance was in the center of the building. On the left-hand side of the entrance, in the basement in the rear, was Professor Webster's chemical laboratory. In this laboratory were two furnaces, a sink, a stove, several hogsheads of water, and a private closet. On the same level with the basement, across an entry, was the dissecting-room of the college. Stairs led up from the chemical laboratory into the room above on the first floor, which was Professor Webster's private room, or upper laboratory, in front of which was his large lecture-room. Above Professor Webster's lecture-room was Doctor Holmes' lecture-room. On the right-hand side of the building, in the basement, were the janitor's apartments; above them was the medical lecture-room, and above it the anatomical museum.

Shortly before the opening of the medical college in 1846, Doctor Parkman applied to Doctor Keep, a Boston dentist, to make him some artificial teeth. He wished them completed in time for the opening exercises. Doctor Keep took a cast of the

jaw, and had a mold made with which he constructed the teeth. There was a marked irregularity or depression in the left jaw, which was shown in the mold and in the teeth. Doctor Parkman first wore them at the opening of the building.

John White Webster was born in Boston in 1793, was graduated at Harvard in 1811, and in its medical department in 1815. In 1823 he became one of the editors of the Boston Journal of Philosophy and Art, and in 1824 was appointed a lecturer on chemistry, mineralogy, and geology in Harvard college. He published a manual of chemistry the next year, and in 1827 was elected to the professorship of chemistry and mineralogy in Harvard college, which position he held during the rest of his life. He was a member of many scientific societies in this country and Europe, and was a man of high character and agreeable manners, although quick-tempered and sometimes irritable. In 1849 his family consisted of a wife and several daughters. They resided at Cambridge. His salary as professor of chemistry was \$1200 a year. He also received a certain share of the fees paid by students in the medical college.

Professor Webster and Doctor Parkman were friends during many years. In 1842 Doctor Parkman loaned Professor Webster \$400, for which he took a note payable in fifteen months with interest, secured by a mortgage upon Professor Webster's household furniture and his collection of minerals. In 1847 there remained due upon this note \$348.83, and Doctor Parkman then joined with various other friends in making another loan to Professor Webster of \$1600, the portion contributed by Doctor Parkman to this second loan being \$500. For this loan, and other previous loans, a note for \$2432 was taken. This note was also secured by a similar mortgage made to Doctor Parkman, for the benefit of himself and his associate contributors. In April, 1848, Professor Webster applied to Robert G. Shaw, a brother-in-law of Doctor Parkman, for money, and offered to sell him the mortgaged cabinet of minerals. The result of this application was that Mr. Shaw paid to Professor Webster in instalments \$1200, and took a bill of sale of the collection of minerals, leaving them, however, in Professor Webster's possession. Subse-

quently, Mr. Shaw told Doctor Parkman that Professor Webster had sold to him the collection of minerals, and Doctor Parkman, when so informed, showed much indignation, and from that time frequently denounced Professor Webster as a dishonest man. Early in November, 1849, Doctor Parkman called several times upon Mr. Pettee, a gentleman in the New England bank who, under an arrangement between the professors, attended to the collection of fees from the medical students and distributed them between the professors, and asked Mr. Pettee whether he held any funds due to Professor Webster; and on the last visit Doctor Parkman denounced Professor Webster as dishonest, and asked Mr. Pettee to tell Professor Webster so. He also called several times that month on Professor Webster, demanding payment in an angry and violent manner. At this time Professor Webster had made payments on account of the notes, so that there remained due on them \$456.27 to Doctor Parkman, and \$637.50 to the others, making less than \$1100 then remaining due.

On Tuesday, November 20th, Doctor Parkman called upon Professor Webster at his lecture-room before the lecture closed. As soon as the lecture was over, he demanded payment of the amount due him. Another angry interview followed, and Professor Webster promised that he would pay him on Friday, November 23d.

On the morning of Friday, November 23d, Professor Webster called at Doctor Parkman's house between eight and nine o'clock, and made an appointment with him to call at his lecture-room at the medical college at the close of his lecture that day at half past one o'clock. The servant who saw Professor Webster did not know him, and after Doctor Parkman's disappearance, the family did not know who had called there that morning, until on the following Sunday, Professor Webster informed Dr. Francis Parkman that he had done so. Professor Webster after calling at Doctor Parkman's house went to his lecture-room. In the course of the morning Mr. Pettee called and gave him a check for ninety dollars, being his share of fees which Mr. Pettee had for distribution at that time. Mr. Pettee told Professor Webster that Doctor Parkman had called upon him several

times to inquire if he had any funds of Professor Webster's in his possession; that he, Mr. Pettee, feared that Doctor Parkman would attach the funds in his hands, and did not wish to have any trouble with Doctor Parkman, and had come to pay the money directly to Professor Webster. Professor Webster replied: "Doctor Parkman is a curious sort of a man, rather nervous, and has been at times subject to fits of aberration of mind." After further conversation of the same kind, Professor Webster added: "You will have no further trouble with Doctor Parkman, for I have settled with him." On that morning, Littlefield, the janitor, saw a sledge-hammer, which was usually kept in the laboratory, behind the door of Professor Webster's private room, and took it and carried it down to the laboratory. The handle was about two feet long, and the hammer weighed about six or seven pounds. A careful search for it was afterward made, but it was never found.

On that day Professor Webster lectured from twelve to one, and Doctor Holmes from one to two. Between half past one and two o'clock, various persons saw Doctor Parkman walking rapidly, approaching the medical college. One witness saw him in the college going up the stairs to Professor Webster's lecture-room. The prosecution claimed that he was never afterward seen alive. There was no evidence that he was ever seen alive after that day, but the defendant called upon the trial six witnesses, who testified that they saw Doctor Parkman in various parts of Boston, at different times, between a quarter after two and five o'clock that afternoon. Most of these witnesses were persons of veracity, who knew Doctor Parkman well, fixed the day, hour, and place positively, and supported their recollection by strong corroborative proof. For instance, one witness testified that he called, by appointment, Friday afternoon, at three o'clock, upon a clergyman. He produced the note, dated on that day, making the appointment at three o'clock, and swore positively that the interview took place at that time, and that on his return, after the interview, about twenty minutes after three, he met Doctor Parkman coming along the sidewalk in Washington street, saw him

continuously for a distance of four or five rods, and recognized him completely. The clergyman corroborated the evidence as to the day and hour of the interview with him. Two ladies, a mother and daughter, testified that they had been that afternoon at Hovey & Co.'s store shopping, and had there purchased a number of yards of cloth of a certain kind and color at a certain price, and that on their return from such purchase, about five o'clock in the afternoon, they met and passed Doctor Parkman in the street. They knew him well, and said that they bowed to him and he returned the bow. A clerk from Hovey & Co. proved that on the afternoon of Friday, the 23d., the precise number of yards of the cloth described was sold at the price stated, and that no similar sale took place within several days of that date. The testimony of the other witnesses to the alibi was almost equally striking.

About a quarter after two, the lecture up-stairs by Doctor Holmes having closed, and the students and Doctor Holmes having descended and left the building, the janitor started to put the various lecture-rooms in order. He found all the doors leading to Professor Webster's lecture-room and laboratory bolted inside. He heard Professor Webster moving about, and heard water running in the sink for a long time. About four o'clock Mr. Pettee called in reference to some tickets, and the janitor again went to the doors and found them still bolted. About half past five Professor Webster came down and passed out through the rear door and went away. He arrived at his home in Cambridge a little before six. He took tea with his family, and about eight o'clock left the house with his wife and daughters. He left his daughters at a house where they went to a party, and he and his wife went on to Professor Treadwell's house. There they passed the evening, in company with Professor Treadwell's family, Judge Fay, and Doctor Wyman and his wife, in social conversation upon a variety of subjects, in which Professor Webster took an active part. His appearance was tranquil, easy, and natural. Professor and Mrs. Webster returned to their home about half past ten. About half past twelve his daughters returned. He opened the door for them,

having sat up to await their return. The family retired about one o'clock, all going up-stairs together.

That evening the janitor, Littlefield, went to a party. He returned to the medical college about half past ten. He went to the dissecting-room where the students were accustomed to stay late, but found the lights out, indicating that all had gone. He bolted the door of the dissecting-room and went to bed.

Doctor Parkman did not return to his home Friday evening. His family were immediately alarmed. Saturday morning a search was begun. On that morning the janitor went to unbolt the door of the dissecting-room, which he had bolted the night before. He found it unbolted and ajar. He thought he had locked in some student who had afterward got out. After finishing his work in the dissecting-room, the janitor unlocked the door of Professor Webster's lecture-room, but found the door bolted passing from the lecture-room to the rear room. Soon after Professor Webster arrived. He told the janitor to make a fire in the stove in the laboratory. The janitor did so, and was not again in the laboratory or lecture-room that day. Professor Webster remained in his room during the forenoon and dined at home about one o'clock. He returned during the afternoon, and the janitor heard the water running in his rooms that afternoon for a long time. On that afternoon the Boston police were informed of Doctor Parkman's disappearance, and an advertisement was published in the Boston afternoon papers announcing the disappearance and offering a reward. Professor Webster returned home about dark, and went out and purchased at a book-store a copy of Milton's "Penseroso," from which he read aloud to his family after tea. The rest of the evening he passed playing whist with his family.

On Sunday morning Professor Webster said at breakfast that he saw in the Saturday afternoon papers the announcement of the disappearance of Doctor Parkman, and that he was going to call upon Dr. Francis Parkman to tell him of his interview with Doctor Parkman on Friday. His wife suggested that he wait until after church that morning, and he concluded to do so. He accompanied his family to church, and after church took a

walk with them. About three o'clock in the afternoon Professor Webster went to Boston and met Mr. Blake, a nephew of Dr. George Parkman, on the street near the medical college. Professor Webster stopped Mr. Blake and said that on the evening before he saw in the paper a notice of the disappearance of Doctor Parkman; that he had come in on purpose to notify the family that he was the person who went to Doctor Parkman's house Friday morning, and made an appointment with him at the medical college at half past one o'clock. He said that Doctor Parkman met him at the hour appointed, that he had paid him the amount of \$483, which he owed him, and that Doctor Parkman had said he would go to East Cambridge and discharge the mortgage, and had left the college walking rapidly. About four o'clock Professor Webster called at Dr. Francis Parkman's house and made to him a substantially similar statement. Professor Webster met Littlefield, the janitor, that same evening on the street near the medical college. He made to him substantially the same statement, saying that Doctor Parkman called upon him Friday at about half past one, and that he then paid him \$483.63. Littlefield noticed that he stated the odd cents, and that he appeared confused and agitated. Littlefield went home and told his wife that evening that he believed Doctor Parkman had been murdered by Professor Webster.

About five o'clock Professor Webster called at the house of the city clerk of Cambridge, and inquired whether the mortgage had been canceled. The clerk, whose office was in his house, informed him that it had not.

On Monday, November 26th, the search continued and the public excitement increased. A placard was published and extensively circulated, describing Doctor Parkman, stating that he might have wandered from home in consequence of some sudden aberration of mind, or have been foully dealt with, and offering a reward of \$3000 for information leading to his discovery. Professor Webster, after breakfast, went to the medical college. The doors were again bolted after he arrived there in the morning. Dr. Samuel Parkman called, and after some delay was admitted to the lecture-room, and had a



short interview with Professor Webster. Afterward Mr. Blake called and found the doors locked, and after some delay Professor Webster let him in. Professor Webster again gave his version of what occurred when Doctor Parkman called on Friday. Later, several of the police arrived and proposed to search the building. With the janitor they went to Professor Webster's lecture-room. It was locked. They knocked two or three times loudly. After considerable delay, Professor Webster unbolted the door. The party went in, explained that they wished to make a search of the medical college, and he told them to do so. They went very rapidly through Professor Webster's rooms. They observed nothing unusual. That afternoon the city marshal of Boston, the head of the police force, received an anonymous letter, which stated that "You will find Doctor Parkman murdered on Brooklyn Heights." Expert witnesses testified that this letter was in their opinion written by Professor Webster in a disguised hand.

On Tuesday, November 27th, the search in all parts of Boston and for many miles around continued actively, and the public excitement over Doctor Parkman's disappearance intensified. On that day Professor Webster reached the medical college about nine o'clock in the morning. About half past nine the janitor went into the chemical lecture-room; Professor Webster was sitting there reading a newspaper. Professor Webster asked the janitor if he had bought any Thanksgiving turkey. He said no. Professor Webster thereupon gave him an order for a turkey upon a poultry dealer in the neighborhood, saying that he was in the habit of giving away two or three every year, and perhaps should want the janitor to do some odd job for him. The janitor took the order and withdrew. About ten o'clock four police officers called, who came into the building to make another search. The janitor joined them. They knocked at Professor Webster's room and were admitted. The head officer explained to Professor Webster that they were sent to search the whole neighborhood, including the medical college. Professor Webster said that they could look about, but he wished that nothing might be turned over as he was to lecture at twelve o'clock.

The officers started to go into a small room in the rear of the upper laboratory. Professor Webster said: "That is the room in which I keep my valuable and dangerous articles." The officer put his head in the door and drew back. They then went down into the lower laboratory and as the party drew near Professor Webster's private closet, an officer asked what it was. The janitor said that it was Professor Webster's private closet, and he had the key. Professor Webster thereupon opened a door on the opposite side of the room, and called the attention of the officers in that direction, and they went out without examining the private closet. The officers noticed on this visit a tea-chest standing on the floor of the laboratory, apparently containing minerals. Professor Webster lectured to his class that morning as usual. That was Thanksgiving week, and this was the last lecture for that week. Professor Webster went home to dinner, returned to the medical college after dinner, and passed the afternoon there. About half past six o'clock the janitor started to go out to a masonic lodge and met Professor Webster in the entry of the medical college going out. The janitor asked Professor Webster if he would want any fires that week. Professor Webster said that he would not, and they parted. Professor Treadwell met Professor Webster coming home near his house a little after six o'clock. He asked about news of Doctor Parkman, and they conversed together on various subjects. Professor Webster passed the evening at home playing whist with his family.

On Wednesday, November 28th, another notice was published, stating that fears were entertained that Doctor Parkman had been murdered, and offering a reward of one thousand dollars for information leading to the discovery of his body. The search continued, and the public excitement increased. On that morning Professor Webster came to the medical college early. The doors again were bolted. Littlefield, the janitor, went to the laboratory door and tried to listen. He heard Professor Webster moving things around. He began to pick a hole through the partition, but thought Professor Webster heard him, and he returned to his room. He afterwards came out into the entry, laid down on the floor, and looked under

the door. He could see Professor Webster as high as his knees walking about the furnace, and heard him move a coal-hod, but could see nothing definite. About nine o'clock the janitor left the building, and came back about one. Professor Webster went home to dinner about that time, and remained at home the rest of the day. About three o'clock the janitor went through the entry between the laboratory and the dissecting-room, and passing up-stairs he felt a strong heat from the wall of the laboratory, and putting his hand on the wall found it very hot. It proceeded from the chimney of a furnace in the laboratory, where he had never known a fire made before. He tried the various doors with his keys, but found that all of them except the doors of the lecture-room were bolted. He went to the rear of the building, climbed up the wall, and entered the laboratory through the window from outside. He first went to the furnace. There did not seem to be much fire in it. The furnace was covered with a soapstone cover, and on the top of the cover was a number of pots of chemicals, with an iron cylinder lying upon them. He did not disturb them. He took a broom and thrust its handle into the hogheads of water, thinking, as he testified, that Doctor Parkman's body might be there. Much of the water was gone, but he felt nothing in the hogheads. There were two barrels of pitch-pine kindlings in the laboratory, one of which, on Friday, was full and the other two-thirds full. They were then nearly gone. He saw a number of strange-looking spots on the floor and stairs, and stooped down and tasted one of them. It tasted like acid. After making this examination, he again got out of the window, and that evening attended a cotillon party, and danced until about half past ten o'clock. Professor Webster after reaching home about the middle of the day, worked for a while in his garden, passed the afternoon at home, and after tea went with his daughters to a party in Boston. They came home together about eleven o'clock. At the gate-house of the Cambridge end of the bridge, they noticed one of the placards offering a reward for Doctor Parkman. Professor Webster read it aloud to his daughters while they stood there.

Thursday, November 29th, was Thanksgiving Day. Professor Webster passed the day at home. He worked in the garden a part of the morning, dined with his family, passed the afternoon in his library, and after tea spent the evening with his family. He read aloud to them that evening, and they had music and conversation.

In Boston that day the search and public excitement continued. About three o'clock in the afternoon Littlefield, the janitor, secured some tools and began to break through the brick wall of the vault in the cellar under Professor Webster's private closet. He said that he could not go out of the medical college without every one asserting that Doctor Parkman's body would be found somewhere in the college; that every part of it had been searched except the vault; and that he proposed to examine that. The tools with which he worked that afternoon were not well adapted to break through a strong brick wall. He removed a few bricks, but did not penetrate into the vault. Littlefield stopped digging about supper time, and after supper attended a ball of the Shakspeare division of the Sons of Temperance in Cochrane hall. There were twenty dances, and this terpsichorean janitor danced in eighteen of them, and reached home about half past four in the morning.

The next morning, Friday, November 30th, Littlefield, the janitor, got up about nine o'clock. After he had breakfasted, Professor Webster came down into his kitchen. He conversed with Littlefield about Doctor Parkman's disappearance, and told a story which he had heard of a woman carrying a large bundle in a cab, and the cab being found bloody after she left it. Professor Webster soon left and went up-stairs. The janitor then called upon Doctor Bigelow and Doctor Jackson, and told them that there were suspicions against Professor Webster, and that he was going to break through the wall of the vault, and they both told him to go on and make a thorough search, and if he found anything to notify them. About ten o'clock in the morning Professor Webster called at a tinman's store near the medical college and ordered a large tin box made, with strong handles, and with a cover which could be soldered tight.

He later called at another store and purchased a number of large fish-hooks, and asked the clerk to show him how to make them into a grapple, which the clerk did. That afternoon Professor Webster dined at home about one o'clock.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Littlefield, the janitor, borrowed a strong crowbar from a neighbor. He went to his rooms, locked all the doors, and put his wife on watch, telling her if she saw Professor Webster approaching to give four raps on the floor with a hammer. He began working to remove the bricks from the wall of the vault. He heard four raps on the floor and ran up-stairs. His wife saw some men approaching, one of whom she thought was Professor Webster. They proved to be police officers. He told them what he was doing, and that he would be through the wall in a few minutes. While they were talking Professor Webster came to the college and went by them up to his room. He shortly afterwards came down and went away. Littlefield returned to his work. He soon broke through the wall, looked in, and saw lying upon the ground, at the bottom of the vault, portions of a human body, consisting of a pelvis, a thigh, and a portion of a leg below the knee. Littlefield rushed up-stairs, and went out and called Doctor Bigelow, and Doctor Jackson, and the police. They shortly returned, and an officer with Littlefield got into the vault and handed out the remains. There were also found in the vault three towels, each marked with the initial W., and recognized as belonging to Professor Webster.

Professor Webster returned home before tea and took tea with his family as usual. In the evening three officers drove out to his house in Cambridge. One of them called and told him that they were going to search the college again that evening, and wished him to be present. He put on his overcoat and hat, accompanied the officers to the carriage, and they drove into Boston. Upon this drive they had a general conversation, in which Professor Webster joined, upon various subjects, including the efforts that had been made to find the body of Doctor Parkman. Instead of going to the college, the carriage drove on to the jail. The party alighted and went into the jail. Upon arriving in the jail, Professor Webster turned around

and said: "What does all this mean?" The officers informed him that he was in custody on the charge of having murdered Doctor Parkman. He asked to have word sent to his family or his friends, but the officers advised him to postpone doing so until morning. Soon afterwards he seemed to become prostrated. He could not stand. He was carried by attendants to a cell. He appeared like a man in a fit. About an hour later it was decided to take him to the medical college. He was asked if he was willing to go. He made no opposition. A carriage was procured. Two men handed him into the carriage, and the carriage drove to the college. The carriage stopped. He was asked to get out and come up-stairs, but he took no notice. He was supported up the stairs by men on each side, taken into the laboratory and seated upon a chair. He trembled violently, and was in a profuse perspiration. He called for water. A tumbler of water was furnished him, and he tried to drink it, but seemed to be unable to swallow, and spilled a good deal of the water on the floor. The remains which had been found in the vault were placed upon a board and brought up into the laboratory and laid down upon the floor in his presence, and in that of a number of others. After looking at them for a few minutes, this singular proceeding terminated. It was directed that Professor Webster be returned to jail. He made no effort to rise. He was lifted up as before by an officer on each side, taken back to the carriage, returned to the jail, carried to his cell, placed in his berth, and remained there, apparently without moving, until morning.

That night a thorough search of the premises at the college began, and continued all the next day. A large number of fragments of human bones partly calcined and some artificial teeth were discovered in the furnace that night. On Saturday the tea-chest was examined. As it stood on the floor it appeared to be full of minerals, but on taking off a layer of minerals on the top, there was found beneath it a layer of tan, and upon removing the tan there was discovered, embedded in the tan, a thorax or upper portion of a trunk of a man and a left thigh. The breast-bone and viscera had been removed from the thorax so that it could be

opened, and the thigh had been placed inside the thorax, and the whole tied together. A large, closed knife, recently cleaned, was found in the tea-chest. A piece of twine was tied about the thigh. A ball of the same kind of twine and a grapple made of large fish-hooks fastened together, to which was attached a long piece of similar twine, were found in Professor Webster's private room. None of the remains were portions of subjects for dissection, because they had not been treated with the preservative process with which all such subjects were treated, and the curator of the dissecting-room kept an accurate account of, and accounted for, all the subjects which they had ever had. The physicians differed considerably as to the degree of skill possessed by the person who had dismembered the body, some saying that the dismemberment was very bunglingly done, and others saying that it was done by some one who had seen dissections and had a knowledge of anatomy. There was no doubt in the minds of medical men that all of the parts found belonged to the same body. Portions of the parts found had been subjected to acids, and all appeared to have been soaked in water. The fragments of bones found in the furnace were parts of bones which belonged to other portions of the body than those which were found in the vault or in the tea-chest. There was a portion of the bone of the skull, and of the jaw, which had been broken. Medical experts differed as to whether the fracture had occurred before death or during calcination, or whether it was possible to determine the question. The thorax had a hole or perforation through it between the sixth and seventh ribs, from the outside into the region of the heart. Some physicians considered that this perforation was made by a stab of a knife before death, others that it had been made by a knife or by some blunt instrument after death. The parts found put together, with proper allowance for the head, feet, and other missing parts, indicated a man of the height of Doctor Parkman. The thorax was narrow, and there was nothing in the appearance of the remains dissimilar to Doctor Parkman or, as most of the physicians admitted, sufficiently similar to warrant any certainty in identification.

There were, however, found in the furnace three blocks of artificial teeth, which Doctor Keep and his assistant identified as the teeth which had been made for Doctor Parkman. The mold was produced from which Doctor Parkman's teeth had been made, and the teeth fitted the mold. They showed the peculiar depression in the jaw and certain marks of filing on the inside. Doctor Morton, however, the famous dentist who shortly afterwards made the great discovery of the use of anesthetics for surgical operations, testified that the teeth produced might have become bent by heat, and that he did not believe that it could be asserted with confidence that the teeth found in the furnace were those of any particular person. In the course of the search, a bunch of twenty-four skeleton keys was found in Professor Webster's private room, some of which appeared to have been recently filed. Some of these keys fitted all the various locks in the medical college. There were also found spots of a green liquid on the wall and stairs leading from the laboratory to the rear of the lecture-room, which consisted of nitrate of copper, which is a good chemical agent for the destruction of traces of blood. A pair of pantaloons and slippers were also discovered which had small spots of blood upon them, although it was impossible to say whether the blood was recent or not. A large Turkish knife, or yataghan, recently cleaned, was also found in Professor Webster's private room.

On Friday, the same day upon which Professor Webster was arrested, the city marshal of Boston received two other anonymous letters, one written with a pen, signed "Civis," suggesting the searching of cellar floors in vacant houses in Boston, and a further search of the river. Experts testified that this letter was written by Professor Webster, his handwriting being disguised. On the same day another letter, addressed to the city marshal and unsigned, was mailed in the East Cambridge post-office. It appeared to have been written not with a pen, but with some instrument that had a blunt point and some fibrous or fuzzy material at the point. There was found in Professor Webster's room a pointed stick with a little wad of cotton tied over the end, which had been dipped in ink.

Experts testified that this instrument would produce a writing like that in the letter, and that the writing was the handwriting of Professor Webster disguised. This letter stated that "Doctor Parkman was took aboard the ship *Herculean*," and that "one of the men give me his watch and I was afeerd to keep it and throw'd it in the water right side the road at the long bridge at Boston."

Professor Webster's bank account for November was put in evidence. On November 1st, the balance to his credit was \$4.26. All the money which he received that month from Mr. Pettee, or from any other known source, was deposited in the bank, except that out of a check of \$195 paid him by Mr. Pettee on November 19th, he deposited the next day only \$150 in bills. The check for \$90 paid by Mr. Pettee on the morning of the 23d was also deposited. All the money deposited was paid out for ordinary house bills.

Several days after Professor Webster was arrested, he wrote a letter to his daughter, in which he asked her to tell her mother not to open the little bundle he gave her the other day. On receipt of this letter, the officers went to Professor Webster's house, and obtained from his box of papers what they supposed was the little bundle referred to. It contained the two notes which Professor Webster had given Doctor Parkman, one for \$400, and the other for \$2432, and certain memoranda written by Professor Webster, describing the alleged interview with Doctor Parkman on Friday, and the amount alleged to have been paid. Upon each note there was drawn, through the name, a line apparently made with the same instrument with which the East Cambridge letter was written.

The evidence offered for the defense consisted of the highest possible testimony to Professor Webster's general character, the evidence to which reference has been made that Doctor Parkman was seen in various places in Boston in the afternoon of November 23d, after his entrance to the medical college, and a little other evidence upon comparatively unimportant points. No testimony was given tending to explain the presence of the remains in the medical college, or to support Professor Webster's statement of the payment of money.

The case was admirably argued by counsel, and submitted to the jury in a very able charge of Chief Justice Shaw. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was sentenced to death.

Professor Webster, some weeks after his conviction, made a full confession to a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Putnam, which was made the basis of an application for pardon or commutation of punishment. In that confession, Professor Webster stated that he had made the appointment on Friday, November 23d, not expecting to be able to pay Doctor Parkman, but in the hope that he might make some arrangement for future payment; that Doctor Parkman came into the lecture-room, and, following him rapidly back into the rear room, immediately addressed him with great energy, and asked him if he was ready to pay the money; that Professor Webster replied that he was not, and was beginning to try to explain his condition; that Doctor Parkman would not listen to him, interrupted him with great vehemence, called him a swindler and liar, drew an envelope of papers from his pocket, and took from among them the two notes, and said that he had had him appointed professor of chemistry and that now he would get him out of the professorship; that he, Professor Webster, kept trying to interpose and pacify him; that Doctor Parkman continued his invective and approached him shouting and gesticulating violently, thrusting his fist holding the papers into Professor Webster's face, until he, Professor Webster, lost his temper, seized upon the nearest thing he could grasp, which was a piece of grapevine about an inch in diameter and two feet long, which he had used in a lecture to show the effect of certain chemicals in staining wood, and with it dealt him a sudden blow upon the side of the head. He instantly dropped dead. Professor Webster leaned over him and spent a number of minutes trying to resuscitate him, but found that he was absolutely lifeless.

In his horror and consternation, he ran to the doors and bolted them; then the idea struck him to endeavor to conceal his crime. He drew off the clothes of Doctor Parkman and thrust them into the furnace, together with everything contained in his pockets, except the



watch, which he put in his pocket and threw from the bridge into the water as he went that night to Cambridge. He then placed the body in the sink in the small private room, and took the knife which was found by the officers in the tea-chest, and which he kept in the office for cutting corks, and dismembered the body. A stream of water was sent running through the tank, carrying off the blood in the pipe. The head and viscera were put in the furnace that day. The pelvis and some of the other parts were put in a well under the lid of the lecture-room table, and a stream of water turned upon them and kept running all Friday night. The thorax was put in a small well in the rear laboratory. The stick with which the blow was struck was thrown into the fire. He picked up the two notes, which he found upon the floor close to where Doctor Parkman had fallen, seized an old pen lying on the table, dashed it across the face of the notes through the signatures, and put them in his pocket. He left the college about six o'clock as usual to go home. Many of the facts which received great consideration on the trial had no importance. He never noticed or heard of the sledge-hammer until it was brought up at the trial. The alleged wound in the thorax with the knife was made after death, at the time of removing the viscera. The Turkish knife was not used at all. The bundle of filed keys had been long before picked up by Professor Webster in the street and thrust carelessly in his drawer. He did not know that he had any keys which fitted the locks of the college. The nitrate of copper on the

stairs was not used to remove spots of blood, but had been dropped there by accident. The little bundle referred to in the letter addressed to his daughter did not refer to the bundle of notes found. He had purchased some nitric acid, and a newspaper had stated that he had purchased oxalic acid, which it was presumed was to be used for removing blood-stains. He wanted the parcel to be kept untouched to prove that it was not oxalic acid. The tin box was designed to receive the thorax, and the grapple to be used in drawing up the portions in the vault whenever he wished to dispose of them.

His prostrated condition on the night of his arrest, was due to the fact that he had taken poison. When he found that the carriage was being driven to the jail, he was sure that he was to be arrested, and before leaving the vehicle he took a strychnine pill from his pocket and swallowed it. He prepared this pill before he left his laboratory on the day of the homicide, and carried it in his pocket all that week. He said that the state of his nervous system probably defeated its action.

The application for a pardon was denied, and the judgment was executed on August 30, 1850.

Probably, if Professor Webster immediately after the homicide had made known what had occurred, and had not entered upon the subsequent attempt to conceal the crime by the mutilation of the body and the assertion that he had paid his own indebtedness, he never would have been convicted of a capital crime.



*Drawn by Hugh M. Eaton.*



## A THREE-STRANDED YARN.

### THE WRECK OF THE LADY EMMA.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

#### XXVII.

##### CORONATION ISLAND.

BUT it was not till next day that we had the land in view, and then it was ten o'clock on a February morning, making it a few days above a month since we had sailed out of Table bay. As on the previous day, so on this, the sun shone brightly, with even some comfort of warmth in its light. Many great clouds of a milk-white softness were sailing into the east; the wind was fresh out of the west, but though the sea ran briskly, with a shrewd vapor of salt in the shrill fling of the frothing curls, it was not a hollow sea: it rolled the brig in stately measures; but she was now under small sail, the ice being very plentiful and the sea crowded with bergs of all sizes, whilst right ahead were tall cliffs of ice backed by a blue shadow of mountain rising into a silver faintness where the eternal snows upon it sparkled and died out from the sight in the deep blue.

I was beside myself with excitement, and wretched with distress of expectation, dread, and hope. That height of white cliff right ahead, broken in the foreground by pale, floating islands, its face discolored in places as though the ice that masked the rock had broken from the black and savage rampart, was Coronation island, and on the port bow, looming distant but immense, were the mountains of Laurie island.\*

Our anchors were at the cathead ready for letting go in case of sudden need; the men hung about on the lookout for ice, ready in an instant to trim sail. We were sailing toward the island through an avenue of bergs; clear water sparkled from the thrust of our stem to the very wash of the distant surf, with no other obstructions than here and there a lump of the crystal stuff lifting sullenly with the swell, flashing gloriously, and so proclaiming itself to the sight when the

sunbeam smote the foam that poured off it.

A chart of the islands lay upon the skylight, and every few minutes I would be dropping the telescope to look at the chart, to gather from the tracing the point of coast we were heading for. The whaler had said that the wreck lay on a ledge in Palmer's bay, and Cliffe and I were agreed that that large indent was between the two towering shadows, to the right of the taller peak that soared a thousand feet higher than Table mountain.

But now as we approached, the features of the land began to steal out into a brilliant keenness wherever there was space for them to show betwixt the floating ice, and on a sudden, whilst I was looking through the glass, the motion of the brig slid a sea-borne hill away to the left, and exposed a front of cliff that lay with a shadow upon it, as though it was a sort of ravine, at the foot of which, though I instantly guessed it would lift to some height above the sea as we got nearer, lay a black speck. I looked again, and cried out wild with excitement:

"Cliffe, I have the hull! I have the hull!"

The little man came headlong to my side, and put his grimacing face to the telescope.

"Yes; I see it, I have it!" he shouted. "Just as reported—high above the wash—fair in the heart of the bay. It'll be all plain sailing now. Lor, but there ought to be no difficulty in boarding her."

He returned the glass to me; I leveled it afresh at the instant that the corner of a big heap of berg floated right into the field of vision.

It needed another hour of careful sailing to expose the hull anew; then through a glass I saw her clearly. She lay, a large, black hulk of ship, upon a projection of ice that was at least thirty feet above the sea. I made out her bowsprit and the stump of her foremast. The cliffs

soared sheer and abrupt at the back of her to a great height. Even at that distance it was not hard to guess that after having stranded, she had been lifted by some earthquake dislocation of ice into the posture she rested in. Suppose the sea clear, she must have been visible to passing ships for leagues.

The seamen were congregated in the bows, leaning over the rail, Bodkin amongst them pointing eagerly. The mate roared to them to keep a bright lookout, they then scattered, but the sight of that wreck had brought them heedlessly together as one man. Cliffe's glass was not a powerful one, yet the hull in the lens lay within half a mile, and I saw her plainly. She had her head toward the cliffs, and sat very nearly upon a level keel. A great portion of her starboard bulwarks were gone. She was a mass of ice under her stern: looked to be fixed there to her bed by white pillars. The sun shot sparkles into her as we advanced, and still she showed black, as though the ice that coated her was glass. Nothing moved: I strained my vision till my brain reeled and the object swung in the glass and was eclipsed; Cliffe looked, he saw no smoke nor signs of life any more than I.

"If there's any one alive aboard her," said he, "now's our time for letting them know we're here."

"Right," I answered, speaking with my teeth almost set; "do what you will, Cliffe; do what is for the best."

He called to Bland and a man, and they fetched a number of blank charges for the cannon. The little skipper left the gun to the mate's handling, himself taking charge of the brig, which needed exquisite watching and management, so crowded was the water here with loose ice.

"Let fly fast as you can load, Mr. Bland," said the captain; "fire six rounds."

As he spoke came a cry from the fore-castle: "Lie close under the port bow, sir!"

Thus was it, thus had it been, saving that now the pack stuff had thickened.

The gun was fired: it made a noble thunder and roared in dying echoes from near ice-crag to ice-crag. Again it was fired, yet again; all this while the brig was rolling forward with her helm going

up and down to the cries from the fore-castle and to the gestures of the little captain.

I stood at a backstay with the leveled glass steadied against it, and in the moment of the third explosion I saw smoke rise feathering from the deck of the hull; still watching, my breath so thick and difficult it was as though a hand was upon my throat, I marked that the smoke thickened; but I could not see the red of the flame nor the figure of the person feeding it. I dare say I was as white as any corpse when I stepped over to the captain, and putting the glass into his hand, said: "There is life there."

"There's smoke arising from that wreck," shouted some one forward.

"We're here for some purpose, then, anyway," cried Cliffe, with a small oath, letting fall the glass to his side with the most extravagant grimace I had ever beheld in him.

One saw the smoke easily now with the naked eye: it rose black against the whiteness beyond it, curled featherwise, and blew scattering against the face of the cliff. I leveled the glass again and saw the figure of a man walking toward the stump of a foremast; I watched him: in a few moments a square of color rose to the summit of the mutilated spar, where it blew steadily: it was a large English ensign, Jack down.

Bland let fly a fourth gun.

"Stop it!" roared Cliffe, "we are seen. Hoist the ensign and dip it thrice!"

The color soared to the trysail gaff end: it blew out large on the bight of the hal-yards when it was dipped, and was easily within the observation of the man on the hull. When I looked through the glass once more, I saw a second figure: it was upon the hull's quarter where the rail or bulwarks rose to a height that hindered me from perceiving how the person was clad. I asked Cliffe to look; he steadied the glass and answered with a snap of his whole face and a voice high-pitched with delight:

"As God's my hope, Mr. Moore, it's a woman!"

The glass so shook in my hands that I could not use it; I took a few turns, then looked again. The figure watched us from the same place, but I could not tell whether it was a man or a woman. If it

was a woman, then it might be Mrs. Burke. I wanted three figures to make sure of Marie: I saw but two; where was the third?

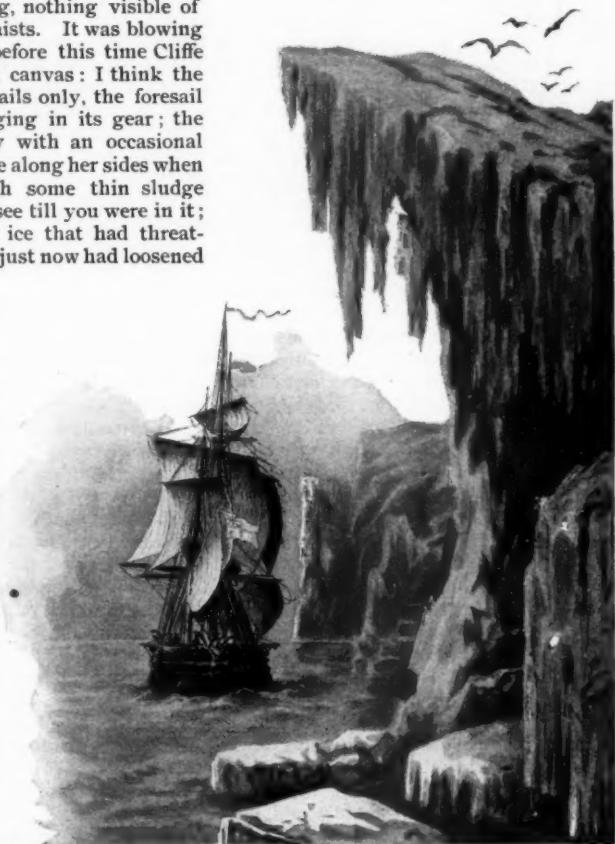
I strained my sight at the telescope with a heart of fever, half strangled by conflicting passions.

The figure that had hoisted the color went to the side of the other, and they both stood watching, nothing visible of them above their waists. It was blowing a fresh breeze, and before this time Cliffe had taken in certain canvas: I think the brig was under topsails only, the foresail hauled up and hanging in its gear; the vessel drove slowly with an occasional crackling noise of ice along her sides when she sheared through some thin sludge stuff you could not see till you were in it; fortunately the drift ice that had threatened a thick surface just now had loosened here and was tossing scattered; as we advanced, moreover, we soon found that the icebergs which had looked to sit close in with the coast, rode with a good offing; the sea was covered with these floating islands off that part of the island marked Foul Point; the eastern horizon was also like a terrace of ice, but the face of the cliffs from Foul Point down to where the land rounded into Lewthwaite strait was fairly open.

By this time I had made out that one of the figures was a woman: I saw but two persons. Who the woman was I could not tell, fierce as had been the struggle of my vision to resolve the glimmer of her face into lineaments.

When the brig had been brought to a stand, Cliffe called a council. We had ample sea room. The nearest floating ice lay about a quarter of a mile distant on

the port quarter; the smaller blocks were not numerous, nor was there weight of sea to make them dangerous. All along the base of the ice-clad ships the water was pouring in a thunder of boiling surf: it was not the breakers but the great breathing swell of this mighty ocean which worked all that noise and



Drawn by F. Lix. AMONG THE BERGS OF CORONATION ISLAND.

fury along the cliffs' foot. The white brine sometimes shot twenty feet high, though it blew but a moderate fresh breeze, and the surge ran small.

Cliffe, myself, Bland, and the boatswain, Bodkin, came together at the companion hatch to consider. We had swept with the glass the line of coast from the beach under the hull to as far as we could see

on the right, and beheld nothing but lofty coils of frothing combers raging in surf; there was no chance for a boat anywhere that way. The left presented a like scene, saving that there was a point in Palmer's bay that, cruising eastward, shut out the view of perhaps a quarter of a mile of the water it enclosed. Upon that point our eyes were fastened.

"We must lower a boat," said Cliffe, "and find out how the land lies past that arm of stuff."

"It's the only sheltered bit along the whole boiling, I allow," said Bland.

Bodkin putting down the telescope exclaimed:

"She lies about forty feet high above the wash. The ice is broke and irregular from the water to where she sits, and I reckon a man might walk upon it if there's a landing place round the point. But I won't swear to it till I'm close in. Ice is deceitful stuff. Capt'n, there'll be nothin' to say till we've taken a look round. 'Tis certain there's to be no getting at the hull from the bottom of the height she rests on, even if the boat could land there."

"Then lower away, Mr. Bland, as quickly as possible, and be off and back with a report, that we may make up our minds what to do before it falls dark."

Whilst some hands were getting one of the whale-boats over, others were busy with the deep-sea lead; but we were away pulling for the shore before they sounded. I went in the boat, taking the telescope with me. She was a five-oared boat; Bodkin pulled stroke; one of our smartest seamen was in the bows. The fellows bent their backs, and the buoyant little craft, swift of model with the whale-hunter's lines flashed over the blue ridges; often I sought to bring the glass to bear upon the two figures watching us, to no purpose. The mate would not let me stand up, and I put down the telescope in despair.

"That vessel," said the mate, "never berthed herself like that. She's been chucked right up by the ice, and 'twas sudden, too, bet yer heart, Bodkin."

The picture grew amazing as we advanced. The cliffs behind the hull rose to about two hundred feet: I call them cliffs, they were a solid, precipitous, rugged face of ice, how deeply sheathing the

black rock of the island no man could tell; the whole stretch of land resembled a gigantic iceberg. The hull lay upon a huge block, the top about forty feet high: it projected in a wide ledge, then fell sheer. You might know it had been snapped from some parent monster by the smooth side it showed to the sea, so clean cut to the eye, it might have been done by the chisel and hammer of a giant big as the blue shadow of the mountains beyond.

My eyes were fixed on the wreck and on the figures standing at her bulwark rail. Now again I tried to bring the telescope to bear: the jump of the boat made the effort useless. All in a minute one of the figures sprang on to the bulwark, flourished his arms, and then motioned frantically toward the part of the bay concealed by the curve of the ice.

"Hail him, in God's name!" I cried. "Try him with your voice, Mr. Bland."

The mate stood up and roared, the full volume of his lungs trumpeting into the inshore wind like a cavalry call, the sweep and lift of the whale-boat to the summit of a large swell helping:

"How many are there of you?"

"Two," came back the answer, dull through the roar of the surf, but distinguishable.

"Who is the other?"

The men were now resting on their oars, the boat sinking and lifting in the sea that was great and hollow for so small a fabric; we were within a pistol shot of the base of the cliff on which the hull sat, but so high perched was the craft, so be-wrapped the two people, I could not make out their faces. The man held up his hand as though he had not heard.

The mate roared again, "Who is the other?"

"A young lady."

"Is it Miss Otway?"

He brandished an assent, and his figure stiffened in a posture of amazement.

"Is that her alongside of you?"

Again the figure flourished an affirmative.

"Then here's Mr. Moore come to take her home," thundered the mate.

When he said that, Marie—for it was she—leaned forward; she was motionless whilst you might have counted twenty; she then stretched out her arms. I pulled

off my hat and flourished it that she might know me among the crowd we made in that boat, then lifted up my hands to her. But even had my voice possessed Bland's carrying power, I could not have called. There, high above, upon the rail of the wreck, flanked by towering walls of ice, stood, with arms outstretched in appeal to me, the figure of my beloved. I had thought to find her dead—she was there! I had thought to find her lying in an African grave—and there, on that high-poised wreck, she stood in silent appeal! For weeks and weeks I had been mourning for her, asking of God that I might behold her, seeing her in my dreams, a frozen corpse upon the deck of that hull there; and now she stood up yonder, alive, full in sight.

The boiling of the surf ran a maddening noise of thunder round the bay. But one saw what the man, whoever he might be, had frantically pointed to. The water was smooth from the end of the point to away round for some hundreds of paces. The sea could not get at the frozen beach there: it flashed at the point and recoiled in clouds.

"Put me ashore," I exclaimed; "I can climb those crags. Look how they wind to the ledge—Bodkin will help me. I must get on board that wreck."

"Sit down, I beg, sir," exclaimed the mate, catching me by the arm as I toppled half delirious. "Tumbling overboard's an easy job. Your eyes deceive you. You could no more climb those rocks than jump ashore from where you sit. What d'ye say, Bodkin?"

The man had already and quickly made up his mind. He glanced at the fall of crags of headlong abruptness in places, huge and nodding, yet so blending in their whiteness with the snow they stood out on as to cheat the unpractised eye with an appearance of an easy roadway, and answered firmly: "There's no mortal legs and arms as is going to carry a man to the wreck by them rocks."

"Why did the man motion to that landing place?" I said.

The mate turned his sheep-eyed face around the bay and answered: "He didn't know who we were. He was afraid that boiling," said he, pointing to the surf, "would drive us away."

"How is the wreck to be entered?" I

asked, looking up and waving my hat, and then again stretching forth my arms.

"It's a sailor's job. Have no fear. We'll get 'em out of that," answered the mate, and standing up he hailed the man. The other flourished his arm. "We're here to take you off," bellowed Bland, "and we'll do it. Don't take any notice of our leaving you. It won't be for long. D'ye hear me?"

"Ay, ay!" came the answer, feebly through the ceaseless thunder.

It tore my heart to look up at the wreck as we pulled away and see Marie there, sundered from me by that curse of roaring foam, inaccessible, to be come at only by patience, naval skill, efforts which might have to be again and again repeated, always perilous. I cannot express how marvelously strange this ice-ramparted bay looked, with that wreck cradled on high, like a huge model in glass, tinted black, smoke lifting still cloudily from her deck, and the red inverted flag streaming like a square of fire against the marble-white cliffs beyond. Many large pieces of ice floated in this sweep of water, but they showed plainly and the boat went securely. One piece was almost a berg: a miniature island. Here and there the sea broke over it. It was almost in the middle of the bay and exactly abreast of the wreck. I observed that Mr. Bland ran his eye curiously over it as we pulled past.

Who was the man on the hull that had answered us? He was not Captain Burke. My sight had not distinguished his face, yet I should have known him by his voice had he been Burke. Three had been left, so Wall, the boatswain, reported: Burke, and his wife, and Miss Otway; I saw but two. The man had said they were two only; one was Marie; where were the others, and who was that stranger?

We arrived alongside the brig and with little difficulty I got aboard. The pull had occupied so short a while there had been scarce time to talk: but in any case the hurry and wildness of my spirits, my deep agitation, amazement, and delight, mingled with dark wonder and jealous alarm, must have held me mute.

Cliffe impatiently awaited us; Bland and Bodkin came on board, leaving the men in the boat. Bland immediately said:





Drawn by F. Lix.

"IN A SUDDEN ECSTASY HE PULLED OFF HIS HAT."

"We must get them out with a cradle. There's no other way."

"No landing then, round that point there?" said Cliffe.

"Ay, sir, but the rocks are not to be climbed by anything wanting hoofs and horns."

"Who are they?"

"One's the young lady," said the mate.

Cliffe spun round and stretched his hand to me.

"I do congratulate you," he cried, convulsing his countenance. "It's a noble errand nobly rounded off. Hurrah!" and in a sudden ecstasy he pulled off his hat and whirled it three or four times over his head. He then cried, "But two only? The third ain't dead, I hope?"

"Captain Burke and his wife are not there," said I.

He grimaced at me and said, "Who's the man, then? But asking questions won't get them out of it. What d'ye propose?"

As he spoke he whipped out his watch; as it lay in his hand I saw the hour: the time was two—we had, therefore, a long afternoon of daylight before us.

"We must take the mortar in the boat and communicate with it," answered Bland. "There's a big piece of ice to anchor the boat to," said he, pointing to the lump I had observed him look at. "We shall want a cradle."

"A cask'll answer," said Cliffe.

"Better have both boats in the water," said Bland.

They exchanged further remarks to this effect, but I was no sailor and could not follow them. No time, however, was lost. In less than half an hour both boats were alongside, rising and falling singly under the lee of the brig. In one boat was the mortar, with a complete apparatus of gear and cradle for connection with the wreck. The cradle consisted of a large cask, cleverly swung, and so contrived as to slide along a line when the



rope attached to it was pulled. We were grandly favored by the weather. The send of the swell was as steady as the tick of a clock: the seas ran short and small, with a rich, sunny feathering of foam that made a wonder of the ice, so tropic was it, with the blue overhead, where floated a few large, white clouds of a coppery effulgence of swollen breast.

We got away by a quarter to three, one boat in tow of the other: the wind and seas helped us, and we quickly entered the bay. We were of the same number as before, and the same people. We drove with lifted oars to the former talking place, and Bland hailed the man and, with his loudest roar, told him we were going to fire the end of a line to the wreck and send him a tackle by it for a cradle.

The man responded with a peculiar flourish of his arm, and Bland instantly said to me, "He is a sailor."

I had no eyes save for Marie. She had shown on a sudden at the rail on the quarter as we entered the bay, and stood as still as a statue, watching us. Before Bland hailed, I kissed my hand and flourished my hat to her and extended my arms; and she then stretched her hands, lifting them immediately afterward.

The surf held us several hundreds of feet away from the beach; the hull stood about forty feet above; no cry I was capable of could have reached her through the noise of the trembling combers; but the wind, however, was brilliant, and Marie's form stood clear-cut against the white background; nevertheless, I could not distinguish her features.

The boat, with the other in tow, now pulled for the lee of the large mass of ice that lay floating abreast of the wreck. The water swung foamless and quiet under the shelter of this block. A couple of men jumped out, and between them carried an anchor to some near crevice, in which they half sank it. Thus were the boats solidly secured.

The mortar was then loaded. I saw the man on the wreck turn as though addressing Marie, who immediately withdrew and disappeared. When all was ready, Bland with many wild gestures and flourishes signaled to the man to stand by. Our seamen were deeply interested and excited, particularly Bodkin, who had the handling of the mortar.

"Fire!" roared Bland.

The uncouth piece exploded in flame and smoke. Coil after coil of the heap of small stuff of the thickness of lead-line standing beside it flew off into the air.

"He has it!" bawled a man.

"Pay out now, pay out!" cried Bland. "Light out handsomely, my lads. It may come as too much dead weight for one man, which'll be a bad job if the winch is froze."

"It's for his life, and that's a three-man power, ay, though y'are should be just out of hospital, too," exclaimed a seaman.

"Pay out. Ease him all you can, lads," shouted the mate.

The man had got hold of the end of the line and was dragging it inboard hand over hand, bringing to him, as he hauled, the end of a stout rope, to which a little block was attached with a line rove through it. This was the gear the mate was calling upon the seaman to pay out handsomely. He was but one man up there, and the tackle and rope must needs grow heavier and heavier, as its snaking, streaming, up-curving bight lengthened. I watched almost breathless; if the man's strength failed before his end of the rope came to his hand, what should we do? We could not assist. Now indeed I saw it would be impossible for any one of us to scale those rugged crystal boulders and cavernous ruins of ice, which yet from the level of the water painted a practicable ascent from the sheltered curve of the bay where the sea was silent.

Foot by foot the sailors veered out the gear, and hand over hand, with admirable endurance and patient courage, the man on the wreck hauled the stuff in; till on a sudden one of our men called out, "The lady's helping," and I caught a glimpse of Marie past the man, dragging as he dragged.

"It's all right!" after a long pause, exclaimed Bland, letting out his words in the note of a deep-chested sigh of relief, and a hearty cheer sprang from the lips of the seamen.

"He knows what to do. He's a sailor!" cried Bodkin.

He had vanished behind the bulwarks, but quickly reappeared, signaling to us with a flourish whilst Marie stood as before, motionless, watching.

"Now get it taut, for God's sake!" cried the mate. "In with the slack!"

The men tailed on and dragged till the bight of the rope was clear of the water; the gear then described a curve from the stump of foremast to the beach.

"Now clap on the watch tackle."

A machinery of blocks and lines was applied to the rope, which tautened to the strain till the mate cried, "Belay! If we don't mind our eye we shall start the wreck!"

Then swiftly, but without hurry or confusion, the empty cask was got over the bow, and slung to a bowline or traveler.

"Haul out!" cried the mate, and nimbly, with quick, steady pulls, the cask was run up the rope. It traveled smoothly. The man sprang on to the bulwark rail and received it, and putting his hand on the edge of it, jumped in.

"By thunder, no, then! The lady first, or you stop there!" groaned the mate, his face suddenly dark with disgust and temper, and the others looked along the rope to the cask, with frowns eloquent of curses. But in a moment the man got out, and I said, "He was testing it."

We now saw him in the sharp, white light the air was brimful of, help Marie on to the rail, he putting his hands under her arms, and carefully sink her into the cask; then, pulling off his cap, flourished a signal of "all's ready" to us. Instantly one end of the line was slackened away whilst the other end was hauled upon, and the cask traveled toward us.

"Stand by to lift the lady out," bawled the mate whilst the cask was still coming. "Into the bows two of you. Mr. Moore, you'll keep your seat, I beg, sir, till the lady's in the boat."

The cask came sliding to the drag of the line down to the very stem of the boat; there it was water-borne, and began to roll and leap; but strong hands were ready, and in a minute Marie was lifted over the gunwale, brought right aft and seated beside me.

## XXVIII.

MR. MOORE ENDS HIS STORY.

I took her by the hands and looked her in the face, and brought her to my heart, and a sob shook me as I kissed her. For

some moments she merely pronounced my name, straining from my clasp to stare at me. There was something wild in the light of her soft eyes then. Maybe the passions and sensations which in a sudden surprise of meeting would have forced us into transports, had abated: we had both known that we were near to each other, she that I had come to rescue her, I that she was alive on that wreck up there. But for all that, and as long as they were bringing the man from the wreck, it remained a sort of unreality, a mission too marvelous to have been fulfilled, a hope too daring, too defiant of death itself and all the terrors of this barbarous, savage scene to have been humanly possible.

A wonder, too, lay in her beauty and healthful looks. My imaginations of her state—now as lying in her coffin at Cape Town, now as dead of the cold in that same wreck we had brought her from—had colored to me a ghastly portrait of my memory of her; or, even when figuring her alive in the hull, I conceived her bloodless, gaunt, sunk-eyed, a sad, heart-sickening specter of herself. Instead, I found her fairer, healthier, plumper by a hundred fold than she had shown when she left England. She was dressed in furs: her hat was a turban of sealskin; her hair was a little wild, but its dishevelment was a grace.

When at last I began to speak to her, it was in mere ejaculations, a babble of joy and devotion,—that I should have got her; that I should be holding her after months of fearing and of believing that she was dead; that God should have directed me through thousands of leagues of sea to this lonely scene of ice! and so on, and so on; whilst her speech was little more than exclamation, too. For, put yourself in our place and judge how it would go with your heart and tongue, till use had softened amazement and incredulity, sobering the flow of feeling into a gentle language of delight.

Meanwhile, they were bringing the man to the boat. The cask traveled safely to the bows; he sprang out with the assistance of a man's hand, and then stood on a thwart looking about him for a minute with a face of ecstasy.

Now it was I grew a bit rational, and said to Marie:

"Who is he?"

"Mr. Selby. His conduct has been noble. Oh, Archie, his manly treatment of me—his patient care—the encouragement—the encouragement—"

"Jump onto the ice there, two of you, and get that anchor," sung out Mr. Bland.

"Where's Captain Burke?" I said.

"He was drowned months ago—months ago."

"And his wife?"

"I found her frozen to death and dragged her into the ship's kitchen and watched beside her, and then I was alone in that wreck in a heavy, rolling ocean for a week, till he came," and she looked toward Selby, "sent by God, for without him—alone up there—oh, think, Archie!"

As she said this she put her hands together, and her face whitened like the ice; her eyes rolled their pupils out of sight, and with a little moan she fainted.

I held and pillowed her, groping for and finding a flask of brandy in my pockets. She continued in a dead faint until, the anchor having been got, the boats were clear of the bay close in with the brig.

Selby sat in the bow. I never addressed him, could think of nothing but the lifeless figure I clasped. She came to just as we drew alongside the vessel, and my gratitude when she fetched a breath and opened her eyes was scarcely less than that I had felt when I knew she was on board the wreck. In truth, so fixed was her trance I had believed her dead.

She was helped over the side by Cliffe and others. The brig showed a low side when the gangway was unshipped, and Marie was handed on deck easily and without risk. I followed. She was very weak, yet could walk leaning on my arm, and thus supporting her I took her into the cabin. Then it was I strained her to my heart again, kissing her, blessing her, thanking God for suffering me to discover and rescue her.

It would be idle to set down what



Drawn by F. Lix.

"THE MAN RESPONDED WITH A PECULIAR FLOURISH."

now passed between us in this first half-hour of our being alone. Our hurry of speech, the tender interruption of caresses was as a printed page broken into sentences without sequence. Looks will give continuity to meaning when the tongue is still—but how to describe those passages of eloquent silence?

We had both of us a thousand things to ask and answer, and often we'd break off to gaze at each other, scarce realizing even yet that we were together and that the end of my heaven-directed quest was come. By the time we had settled down into sober talk, sitting hand in hand in front of the glowing brass stove, whilst the boy in obedience to my orders was preparing the table for dinner, it was about five o'clock; they had got way upon the brig: she was heeling over, and I guessed that Cliffe was pressing her, getting every inch of nothing that was to be clawed out of the bow-surge whilst it was daylight. The afternoon was glowing with more than tropic splendor; indeed, never had I observed such a mellow richness of glory under the line, or north or south of twenty-three degrees, as I had noticed in this Antarctic sunshine whilst in the bay. But however delivered—whispered at times, sometimes interrupted by tears, by sudden impassioned embraces, as though nothing even now could be true but the presence and the reality of the long months of her imprisonment; but however brokenly uttered, I say, her story was now known, and her relation persuaded me that in the person of Mr. Selby lived one of the finest characters that ever graced the manliest of all the callings. My love, my joy—though my spirits seemed to know no other passions whilst I held her and looked at her—did not extinguish in me for long whilst we conversed the cold, dark dread that lurked in the thought of her having been locked up with Selby alone for months. But whilst I listened, the jealous fear, the gloomy dislike of the extraordinary association vanished. My heart grew hot with admiration and gratitude. She told me of her joy at the sight of him, when, after being alone for a week in the dimasted hull of the *Lady Emma* with no other companion on board than the dead body of Mrs. Burke, she groped her way from her berth to the cabin and found him

lying asleep upon a locker. She told me how he had comforted her and raised her spirits by every hope that a sailor could invent. She instanced many fine, subtle, delicate traits of conduct; I was impressed by the refinement and native exquisite breeding of the man whilst I listened to her. I witnessed the gentleman, the nobleman of Nature's own handiwork in all she told me of him. Without his inspiring companionship her spirits would have sunk, her heart must have broken. He fetched and carried, cooked and toiled, for her comfort; he devised a dozen schemes to divert her. Every day he promised that a ship would come to take them off. He never lost heart. Often he would sing, with a sailor's notion of brightening her melancholy.

No one intruded upon us, saving the boy; but our talk was not to be overheard by him, sitting as we did close together beside the fire. And all the while I was admiring the improved sweetness of her looks, the plumpness of her cheeks and throat, the firmer, clearer tones of her voice, and what shone to my sight as a soft, gay light of health in her eyes.

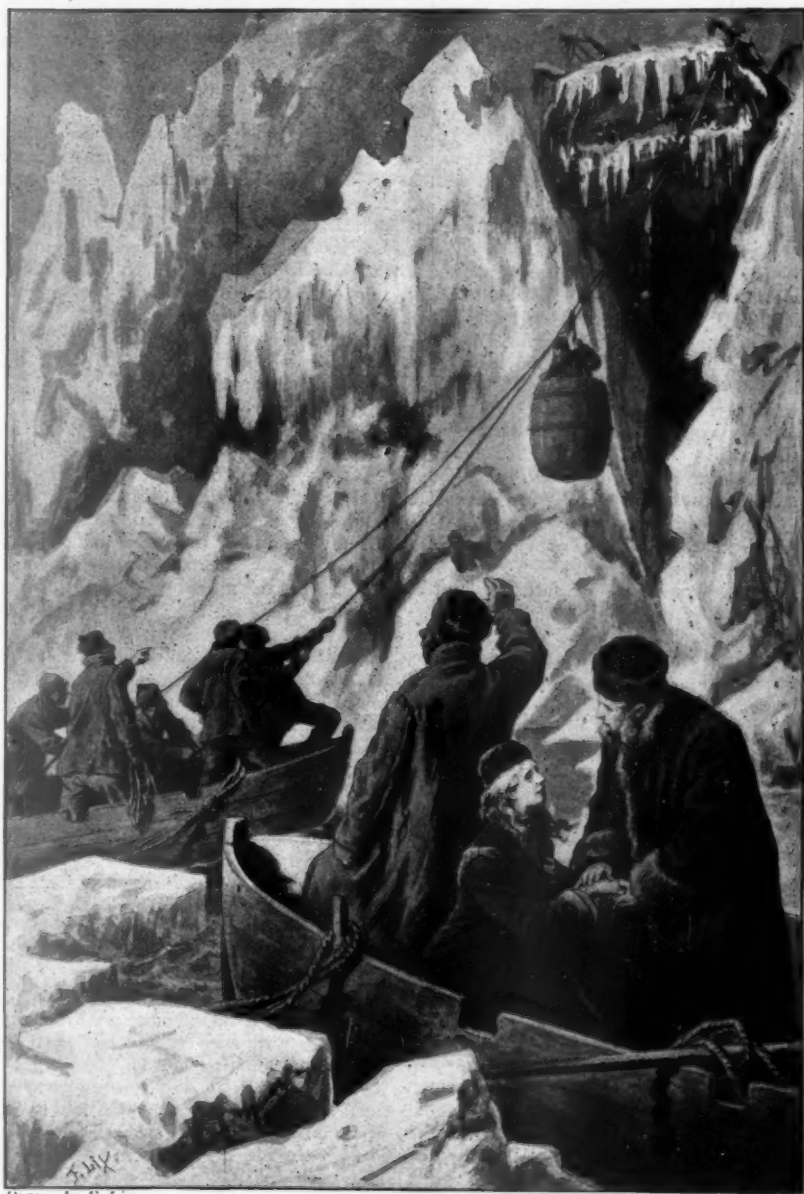
"Is it the ice," said I, "that has worked this miracle of change in you? Or were you looking even better than you now do before your shipwreck?"

"I cannot tell how I look," she answered. "What I have suffered I know."

She talked of the Burkes, and wept when she spoke of her old nurse. She said she believed that Captain Burke committed suicide: his end was sudden; he did not need to go upon the bowsprit to hang up the lantern—a height of foremast stood: he went on a dangerous errand, she thought, meaning to die, and his getting his wife to accompany him into the bows might have signified no more than lunatic cunning.

Whilst we conversed, the boy came down and asked if he should put dinner upon the table. We had forgotten time in talking, and I jumped up and took Marie to my berth, which was to be resigned to her. I then went on deck to make Mr. Selby's acquaintance, and to bring him into the cabin to dinner.

Cliffe stood in earnest talk with Selby. I regarded the man awhile before he saw me. He was dressed in the plain clothes of his calling; doubtless he had made



Drawn by F. Lix.

"I TOOK HER BY THE HANDS."



good his wants out of Captain Burke's wardrobe; he was rather short and very broad-shouldered; his hair was black and of a true castaway man's length, falling and curling in plenty down upon his back, as though it had been a woman's; he was of a sallow complexion and newly-bearded as though used to shaving when all was well.

When I went to him with my hands outstretched, he faced me with a smile, and then it was I saw a wonderful spirit of goodness and kindness in his countenance. I had never before witnessed a man's nature so plainly pictured in his looks. I will not admit that I was prejudiced in his favor by what Marie had told me, and found a soul of candor and good humor, where, perhaps, I should otherwise have seen nothing but an average sailorly countenance. No matter what the causes which should have brought this man and me acquainted, let me have met him, when, where you will—one glance would have persuaded me that he was a heart of oak. You saw a manly simplicity and gentleness in every line. His eyes looked at you full, yet gently, with a charming, winning frankness; his smile was a grace, there was something sweet in it; and yet he was by no means good looking. His face was overcharged by the length of its aquiline nose. His mouth, too, was out of proportion, his eyes were something too deep-set and close together to please; nevertheless, when he turned, smiling to receive me, I found a beauty in his looks that was far above all gift of flesh.

I held him by both hands, but in what terms I thanked him for his goodness to Miss Otway I'll not set down, because they must needs look cold and insufficient, when in reality the tribute lay in that part that cannot be communicated on paper, I mean in the tone of voice, the expression of countenance, the clinging pressure of the hands.

He said: "It's been a bad time for her, sir. The beginning was the hardest. That week when she was alone, washing about here, much where we now are, in the winter time when it was nearly all night, and nobody else aboard but the corpse of Mrs. Burke, would have killed a lady of less spirit."

I broke in by asking him to step below

with me. Cliffe said he would remain on deck and watch the brig. I took notice that as in making for the island, so now, a keen lookout was being kept. Hands were stationed in the bows and on the foreyard; the rigging lay ready for instant use. Two men were at the wheel.

Selby stopped and looked at the island astern. The whole soul of the man seemed to rush into his face as he gazed, coloring it with memory and a passion of gratitude and pathetic joy. He breathed deep and said: "Thank God, I've seen the end of it! Seven months, is it, sir? The sufferings of the sea will make a year of a week. It seems as long as a lifetime."

He sighed again, or rather fetched a breath as of relief and ease of heart, and followed me into the cabin.

Whilst we waited for Marie, he explained how it came about that the hull was shelved forty feet above the wash.

He said when she first took the ice she was beaten a considerable distance by blow upon blow of foamless swell, rolling into the shelter out of the heavy weather beyond; she lay on her bilge. He could not express the misery they suffered from the angle her posture sloped her into, till early one night a noise of thunder roared through the cabin as though the whole island was splitting to pieces: shock followed shock. These volcanic throes went on for hours. He expected every moment that the hull would be crushed to powder. Sometimes they felt the fabric under their feet swept upwards. It was pitch dark on deck: nothing was to be seen; but the uproar of splitting ice was at moments deafening. He said he could compare it to nothing but to being in a boat betwixt two line-of-battle ships when they were firing their whole broadside artillery at each other.

It might have been about four o'clock when the hellish commotion ceased as abruptly as it had commenced; at this hour the hull was, as she had been for some time, resting on an almost level keel. At break of day he went on deck and was amazed to find the sea lying open, but at a considerable distance below; the great ice peninsular whose bay had been the salvation of the hull had broken away and become a majestic island, nodding stately upon a high sea about a quarter of a mile distant. The wreck



rested upon a wide ledge with a sheer fall of ice, smooth as though chiseled, to the wash of the surf. How it had befallen he could not tell. Perception had lain entirely in feeling and hearing.

When Marie came out of her berth I was struck afresh by her improved looks. I turned to Selby and said:

"This lady sailed for her health. Such distresses, such trials of mind and body as she has suffered should pinch the face as fire wastes wax, and she looks so much better that her father will scarcely know her!"

"I told Mr. Moore," she said, "that I don't know how I may look; but that I am alive and with him again," said she, stealing her hand into mine, "is wholly owing to you." Then raising her voice, heated into a higher clearness by emotion, she exclaimed: "In the presence and hearing of my betrothed, I thank you with my heart of hearts for all your goodness to me, for your hundred acts of noble unselfishness, for your splendid courage and faith which supported us both through the awful time that is now ended."

He bowed to her in silence.

"Mr. Selby," said I, grasping him by the hand, then putting my other upon his and so holding him, "Miss Otway has spoken her gratitude: my own I have already attempted to express. The profession of the sea has produced some noble characters, but it seems to me that you are one of the finest compliments that Nature ever paid to your calling."

"I thank you for your kind words, sir," he said, with color and embarrassment, "and for yours, Miss Otway. I felt very sorry for you when I found you alone on that dismantled hulk, and I swore to myself I would so act that, come what might, if you were spared, you should be able to say of me, he was a man."

I could have hugged him.

We seated ourselves, and all our talk ran upon the hull and upon my own adventures. I particularly noticed Selby's respectful manner to Marie. That was as satisfying to every instinct within me as though I had shared their imprisonment. It was not a thing he had just put on: it sat with the unconscious ease of an old and fixed habit. I heard it in his voice, I marked it in his manner of attention when she spoke: in twenty subtle

ways it was expressed as something abiding; it was, in short, the man's, the seaman's, and the gentleman's recognition of her claims as a woman: I knew it had been with him thus from the beginning, and I loved him from that moment with a heart unshadowed by the faintest anxiety.

I asked him how they managed for food.

"The hold was full of good things, sir," he answered. "We did not stint ourselves, Miss Otway," said he, smiling.

"Mr. Selby cooks charmingly," said Marie. "I shall never forget the delicious dishes of broth you used to make for me. We had biscuits as big as bricks. I used to make bread and milk with them."

"Preserved milk, sir," said Selby. "I found some hundredweights of the stuff."

"Did nothing heave in sight?"

"Oh, yes, sir, but never close in. I must have consumed half the cargo of theatrical scenery, and pounds' worth of patent fuel and India rubber in burning flares at night and making smokes by day. I reckon the smoke was taken for something in the volcanic line. For a long time the ice hid us from the sea. The island whose rupture hove us aloft, drifted away and gave us a clear view for a bit, but others came cruising along on the stream of the tide if it was not the wind that brought them, and one moored itself right abreast—grounded, I allow—it stuck so long."

"The whaler that reported you," said I, "was close in enough to get a good sight of the wreck."

"I did not see her," he answered. "I must have been below when she passed."

"It was cruelly cold, Archie," said Marie. "Weeks would pass without my going on deck. Oh, how I loathed the sight of those cliffs of ice! And then the ceaseless boiling of the surf."

"I calked the cabin into a middling warm living-room," said Selby, "yet the cold would creep through. Water that had been boiled and left to stand on the table within the sphere of the heat of the stove, as I could have sworn, would take a mask of ice. I cleared the cabin to give Miss Otway walking room. The exercise helped her. It gave her a little spirit, as well as warmth. I didn't care to see her sit drooping hour after hour beside that little stove."

"At such times you sang?" said I.

"Well, coming below after taking a look round, and seeing her like that, I'd tune up my pipes certainly," he answered. "It was unpleasant to have to keep on answering her question with a 'No, there's nothing in sight.'"

Thus ran our talk, and again and again whilst we conversed I'd see Marie stealing looks around her of delight and amazement, and often when our gaze met an expression of solemn joy would light up her face. For months she had lived in a cabin of a motionless ship: now the life of the ocean was in the fabric whose deck her foot rested on. She was as one who had been called from the grave to renew life, and love, and health. It was a miracle, and I saw the marveling of her spirit in her eyes whenever she looked at me.

"I'll go and take a look around," said Selby. "I hope Captain Cliffe will make me useful."

He rose, respectfully bowed to us, and went on deck.

I drew Marie to the stove and sat beside her. From time to time as we talked we heard the sharp, warning cries of the lookout men on deck reëchoed by Cliffe and the mate aft, accompanied sometimes by a hurried tread of feet when the braces were handled. But we were together, too happy, too much engrossed to heed what passed above. Through the hum of our talk—our continuous talk, for how much had we to tell each other?—ran the shrill sound of salt water seething; the boy

came below to take some dinner on deck to Captain Cliffe; he then cleared the table, and Marie and I were alone again. The sunshine blazed red upon the skylight, faded slowly, the glass grew gray, then blackened, and a star flashed in a cabin window as a reel of the brig brought the bright spark with a leap into the orifice.

"I remember," Marie said, "when I found Mrs. Burke lying dead on the deck of the hull, that I fell upon my knees in the agony of my distress and terror and cried out that I was alone, asking what I should do—what I should do? And now I am with you," she cried, throwing her arms round my neck and sobbing slightly. "But what a time has lain between!"

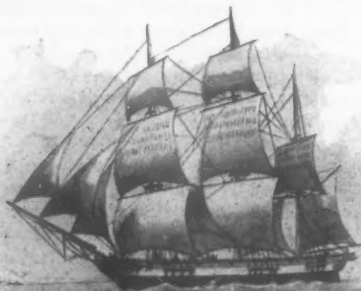
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At this point Mr. Moore ends his narrative; he doubtless considered that the interest of his strand of the story ceased at the rescue of his sweetheart.

It had been arranged that the brig should return to the Cape of Good Hope, whatever might be the issue of her search; the little vessel, with ceaseless vigilance, was navigated clear of the ice into open waters, and under warmer skies, and thanks to strong westerly winds which chased her day after day, she anchored in Table bay in a little more than three weeks from the hour of hoisting her boats and making sail from Coronation island. The lovers' reception at Cape Town was a memorable incident, and is still talked

of by old people there. They stayed until Miss Otway had provided herself with a wardrobe; then embarked in a Union steamer and safely arrived at Southampton on the morning of the first of May, 1861.

Mr. Selby was presented by Sir Mortimer Otway and the banking firm of Moore, Son & Duncan with an interest in a ship of thirteen hundred and forty tons amounting to half her value, and four months after his arrival in England he sailed in command of her on her second voyage to Bombay.



*Drawn by F. Lax.*      **HOMEWARD BOUND.**

[THE END.]

## TEMPTED BY THE DEVIL.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE spring is at hand, my friends. I can see the little, green spearheads breaking out once more upon the chestnut trees, and the café tables have all been moved out into the sunshine. It is more pleasant to sit there, and yet I do not wish to tell my little stories to the whole town. You will excuse me, therefore, if this is the last one, and I have reserved for the occasion that which was the most singular and the most important of the whole of my beautiful career. You have heard my doings as a lieutenant, as a squadron officer, as a colonel, as the chief of a brigade. But now I suddenly become something higher and more important: I become history.

If you have read of those closing years of the life of the great emperor which were spent in the island of St. Helena you will remember that again and again he implored permission to send out one single letter which should be unopened by those who held him. Many times he made this request, and even went so far as to promise that he would provide for his own wants and cease to be an expense to the British Government if it were granted to him. But his guardians knew that he was a terrible man, this pale, fat gentleman in the straw hat, and they dared not grant him what he asked. Many have wondered who it was to whom he could have had anything so secret to say. Some have supposed that it was to his wife, and some that it was to his father-in-law, some that it was to the Emperor Alexander, and some to Marshal Soult. What will you think of me, my friends, when I tell you that it was to me—to me, the Brigadier Gérard—that the emperor wished to write. Yes, humble as you see me, with only my hundred francs a month of half-pay between me and hunger, it is none the less true that I was always in the emperor's mind and that he would have given his left hand for five minutes of talk with me. I will tell you to-night how this came about.

It was after the battle of Fère-Champenoise, where the conscripts in their blouses and their sabots made such a fine stand that we—the more longheaded of us—began to understand that it was all over with us. Our reserve ammunition had been taken in that battle and we were left with silent guns and empty caissons. Our cavalry, too, was in a deplorable condition, and my own brigade had been destroyed in the great charge at Craonne. Then came the news that the enemy had taken Paris, that the citizens had mounted the white cockade, and finally, most terrible of all, that Marmont and his corps had gone over to the Bourbons. We looked at each other and asked how many more of our own generals were going to turn fight against us. Already there were Jourdan, Marmont, Murat, Bernadotte, and Jomini, though nobody minded much about Jomini, for his pen was always sharper than his sword. We had been ready to fight Europe, but it looked now as though we were to fight Europe and half of France as well.

We had come to Fontainebleau by a long forced march, and there we were assembled, the poor remnants of us, the corps of Ney, the corps of my cousin Gérard, and the corps of Macdonald, twenty-five thousand in all, with seven thousand of the guard. But we had our prestige, which was worth fifty thousand; and our emperor, who was worth fifty thousand more. He was always among us, serene, smiling, confident, taking his snuff and playing with his little riding-whip. Never in the days of his greatest victories have I admired him as much as I did during the campaign of France.

One evening I was with a few of my officers drinking a glass of wine of Suresnes. I mention that it was wine of Suresnes just to show you that times were not very good with us. Suddenly I was disturbed by a message from Berthier that he wished to see me. When I speak of my old comrades in arms I will, with your permission, leave out all the fine,

foreign titles which they had picked up during the wars. They are excellent for a court, but you never heard them in the camp, for we could not afford to do away with our Ney, our Rapp, or our Soult—names which were as stirring to our ears as the blare of our trumpets blowing the reveille. It was Berthier, then, who sent to say that he wished to see me.

He had a suite of rooms at the end of the gallery of Francis I., not very far from those of the emperor. In the antechamber were waiting two men whom I knew little,—Colonel Despienne of the fifty-seventh of the line, and Captain Tremeau of the Voltigeurs. They were both old soldiers: Tremeau had carried a musket in Egypt; and they were both also famous in the army for their courage and their skill with weapons. Tremeau had become a little stiff in the wrist, but Despienne was capable at his best of making me exert myself. He was a tiny fellow, about three inches short of the proper height for a man (he was exactly three inches shorter than myself), but both with the saber and with the small sword he had several times almost held his own against me when we used to exhibit at Verron's hall of arms in the Palais Royal. You may think that it made us sniff something in the wind when we found three such men called together into one room. You cannot see the lettuce and the dressing without suspecting a salad.

"Name of a pipe!" said Tremeau in his barrack-room fashion. "Are we then expecting three champions of the Bourbons?"

To all of us the idea appeared not improbable. Certainly in the whole army we were the very three who might have been chosen to meet them.

"The Prince of Neufchâtel desires to speak with the Brigadier Gérard," said a footman, appearing at the door.

In I went, leaving my two companions consumed with impatience behind me. It was a small room, but very gorgeously furnished. Berthier was seated opposite to me at a little, round table, with a pen in his hand and a note-book open before him. He was looking weary and slovenly—very different from that Berthier who used to give the fashion to the army, and who had so often set us poorer officers tearing

our hair by trimming his pelisse with fur one campaign and with gray astrakhan the next. On his clean-shaven, comely face there was an expression of trouble, and he looked at me, as I entered his chamber, in a way which had in it something furtive and displeasing.

"Chief of Brigade Gérard," said he.

"At your service, your highness," I answered.

"I must ask you before I go further to promise me upon your honor as a gentleman and a soldier that what is about to pass between us shall never be mentioned to any third person."

My word, this was a fine beginning! I had no choice but to give the promise required.

"You must know, then, that it is all over with the emperor," said he, looking down at the table and speaking very slowly, as if he had a hard task in getting out the words. "Jourdan at Rouen, and Marmont at Paris, have both mounted the white cockade, and it is rumored that Talleyrand has talked Ney into doing the same. It is evident that further resistance is useless and that it can only bring misery upon our country. I wish to ask you, therefore, whether you are prepared to join me in laying hands upon the emperor's person, and bringing the war to a conclusion by delivering him over to the allies?"

I assure you that when I heard this infamous proposition put forward by the man who had been the earliest friend of the emperor, and who had received greater favors from him than any of his followers, I could only stand and stare at him in amazement. For his part, he tapped his pen-handle against his teeth, and looked at me with a slanting head.

"Well?" he asked.

"I am a little deaf upon one side," said I, coldly. "There are some things which I cannot hear. I beg that you will permit me to return to my duties."

"Nay, but you must not be headstrong," said he, rising up and laying his hand upon my shoulder. "You are aware that the Senate has declared against Napoleon, and that the Emperor Alexander refuses to treat with him."

"Sir!" I cried with passion, "I would have you know that I do not care the



*Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.*

"SIR!" I CRIED, "I NEVER THOUGHT TO HAVE SEEN THE DAY—"

dregs of a wine-glass for the Senate or for the Emperor Alexander either!"

"Then for what do you care?"

"For my own honor and for the service of my glorious master, the Emperor Napoleon."

"That is all very well," said Berthier peevishly, shrugging his shoulders. "Facts are facts, and, as men of the world, we must look them in the face. Are we to stand against the will of the nation? Are we to have civil war on the top of all our other misfortunes? And besides, we are thinning away. Every hour comes the news of fresh desertions. We have still time to make our peace, and, indeed, to earn the highest rewards, by giving up the emperor."

I shook so with passion that my saber clattered against my thigh.

"Sir!" I cried, "I never thought to have seen the day when a marshal of France would have so far degraded himself as to put forward such a proposal. I

leave you to your own conscience, but as for me, until I have the emperor's own order there shall always be the sword of Étienne Gérard between his enemies and himself!"

I was so moved by my own words and by the fine position which I had taken up that my voice broke and I could hardly refrain from tears. I should have liked the whole army to have seen me as I stood with my head so proudly erect and my hand upon my heart, proclaiming my devotion to the emperor in his adversity. It was one of the supreme moments of my life.

"Very good," said Berthier, ringing a bell for the lackey. "You will show the Chief of Brigade Gérard into the salon."

The footman led me into an inner room, where he desired me to be seated. For my own part my only desire was to get away, and I could not understand why they should wish to detain me. When one has had no change of uniform during



a whole winter's campaign, one does not feel at home in a palace.

I had been there about a quarter of an hour when the footman opened the door again, and in came Colonel Despienne. Good heavens, what a sight he was! His face was as white as a guardsman's gaiters, his eyes projecting, the veins swollen upon his forehead, and every hair of his mustache bristling like those of an angry cat. He was too angry to speak, and could only shake his hands at the ceiling and make a gurgling in his throat. "Parricide!" "Viper!" those were the words that I could catch as he stamped up and down the room.

Of course, it was evident to me that he had been subjected to the same infamous proposals as I had, and that he had received them in the same spirit. His lips were sealed to me as mine were to him by the promise which we had taken, but I contented myself with muttering "Atrocious!" "Unspeakable!" so that he might know that I was in agreement with him.

Well, we were still there, he striding furiously up and down and I seated in the corner, when suddenly a most extraordinary uproar broke out in the room which we had just quitted. There was a low, snarling, worrying growl, like that of a fierce dog which has got his grip. Then came a crash and a voice calling for help. In we rushed, the two of us, and, my faith, we were none to soon.

Old Tremeau and Berthier were rolling together upon the floor with the table upon the top of them. The captain had one of his great, skinny, yellow hands upon the marshal's throat, and already his face was lead-colored and his eyes were starting from their sockets. As to Tremeau, he was beside himself, with foam upon the corners of his lips, and such a frantic expression upon him that I am convinced, had we not loosened his iron grip, finger by finger, that it would never have relaxed while the marshal lived. His nails were white with the power of his grasp.

"I have been tempted by the devil!" he cried, as he staggered to his feet. "Yes, I have been tempted by the devil!"

As to Berthier, he could only lean against the wall and pant for a couple of minutes, putting his hands up to his

throat and rolling his head about. Then, with an angry gesture, he turned to the heavy, blue curtain which hung behind his chair.

"There, sire!" he cried furiously. "I told you exactly what would come of it!"

The curtain was torn to one side and the emperor stepped out into the room. We sprang to the salute, we three old soldiers, but it was all like a scene in a dream to us, and our eyes were as far out as ever Berthier's had been. Napoleon was dressed in his green-coated chasseur uniform, and he held his little silver-headed switch in his hand. He looked at us each in turn with a smile upon his face,—that frightful smile in which neither eyes nor brow joined,—and each in turn had, I believe, a pringling in his skin, for that was the effect which the emperor's gaze had upon most of us. Then he walked across to Berthier and put his hand upon his shoulder.

"You must not quarrel with blows, my dear prince," said he. "They are your title to nobility." He spoke in that soft, caressing manner which he could assume. There was no one who could make the French tongue sound so pretty as the emperor, and no one who could make it more harsh and terrible.

"I believe he would have killed me!" cried Berthier, still rolling his head about.

"Tut, tut! I should have come to your help had these officers not heard your cries. But I trust that you are not really hurt!" He spoke with earnestness, for he was in truth very fond of Berthier,—more so than of any man unless it were of poor Duroc.

Berthier laughed, though not with a very good grace.

"It is new for me to receive my injuries from French hands," said he.

"And yet it was in the cause of France," returned the emperor. Then turning to us he took old Tremeau by the ear. "Ah, old grumbler," said he, "you were one of my Egyptian grenadiers, were you not, and had your musket of honor at Marengo. I remember you very well, my good friend. So the old fires are not yet extinguished! They still burn up when you think that your emperor is wronged. And you, Colonel Despienne, you would not even listen to the tempter. And you, Gérard, your faithful sword is



ever to be between me and my enemies. Well, well, I have had some traitors about me; but now, at last, we are beginning to see who are the true men."

You can fancy, my friends, the thrill of joy which it gave us, when the greatest man in the whole world spoke to us in this fashion. Trembeau shook until I thought he would have fallen, and the tears ran down his gigantic mustache. If you had not seen it, you could never believe the influence which the emperor had upon those coarse-grained, savage old veterans.

"Well, my faithful friends," said he, "if you will follow me into this room I will explain to you the meaning of this little farce which we have been acting. I beg, Berthier, that you will remain in this chamber and so make sure that no one interrupts us."

It was new for us to be doing business with a marshal of France as sentry at the door. However, we followed the emperor as we were ordered, and he led us into the recess of the window, gathering us around him and sinking his voice he addressed us:

"I have picked you out of the whole army," said he, "as being not only the most formidable, but also the most faithful of my soldiers. I was convinced that you were all three men who would never waver in your fidelity to me. If I have ventured to put that fidelity to the proof, and to watch you whilst attempts were, at my orders, made upon your honor, it was only because in these days, when I have found the blackest treason amongst my own flesh and blood, it is necessary that I should be doubly circumspect. Suffice it that I am well convinced now that I can rely upon your valor."

"To the death, sire!" cried Trembeau, and we both repeated it after him.

Napoleon drew us all yet a little closer to him, and sank his voice still lower.

"What I say to you now, I have said to no one—not to my wife or my brothers. Only to you. It is all up with us, my friends. We have come to our last rally. The game is finished and we must make provision accordingly."

My heart seemed to have changed to a nine-pounder ball as I listened to him. We had hoped against hope, but now when he, the man who was always serene

and who always had reserves; when he, in that quiet, impassive voice of his, said that everything was over, we realized that the clouds had shut for ever and the last gleam gone. Trembeau snarled and gripped at his saber. Despienne ground his teeth, and for my own part I threw out my chest and clicked my heels to show the emperor that there were some spirits which could rise to adversity.

"My papers and my fortune must be secured," whispered the emperor. "The whole course of the future may depend upon my having them safe. They are our base for the next attempt—for I am very sure that these poor Bourbons would find that my footstool is too large to make a throne for them. Where am I to keep these precious things? My belongings will be searched—so will the houses of my supporters. They must be secured and concealed by men whom I can trust with that which is more precious to me than my life. Out of the whole of France you are those whom I have chosen for this sacred trust.

"In the first place, I will tell you what these papers are. You shall not say that I have made you blind agents in the matter. They are the official proof of my divorce from Josephine, of my legal marriage to Marie Louise, and of the birth of my son and heir, the King of Rome. If we cannot prove each of these, the future claim of my family to the throne of France falls to the ground. Then there are securities to the value of forty millions of francs—an immense sum, my friends, but of no more value than this riding-switch when compared to the other papers of which I have spoken.

"I tell you these things that you may realize the enormous importance of the task which I am committing to your care. Listen now while I inform you where you are to get these papers, and what you are to do with them.

"They were handed over to my trusty friend, the Countess Walewski, at Paris, this morning. At five o'clock she starts for Fontainebleau in her blue berlin. She should reach here between half past nine and ten. The papers will be concealed in the berlin in a hiding place which none know but herself. She has been warned that her carriage will be stopped outside the town by three mounted officers, and

she will hand the packet over to your care. You are the younger man, Gérard, but you are of the senior grade. I confide to your care this amethyst ring which you will show the lady as a token of your mission, and which you will leave with her as a receipt for her papers.

"Having received the packet, you will ride with it into the forest as far as the ruined dove-house—the columbier. It is possible that I may meet you there; but if it seems to me to be dangerous I will send my body-servant, Mustapha, whose

could put into an order. When he had finished, he made us swear to keep his secret as long as he lived and as long as the papers should remain buried. Again and again he made us swear it before he dismissed us from his presence.

Colonel Despienne had quarters at the Sign of the Pheasant, and it was there that we supped together. We were all three men who had been trained to take the strangest turns of fortune as part of our daily life and business, yet we were all flushed and moved by the extraor-



*Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.*

"AWAY WE FLEW, STRIKING FIRE FROM THE COBBLESTONES."

directions you may take as being mine. There is no roof to the columbier, and to-night will be a full moon. At the right of the entrance you will find three spades leaning against the wall. With these you will dig a hole three feet deep in the northeastern corner—that is in the corner to the left of the door, and nearest Fontainebleau. Having buried the papers you will replace the soil with great care, and you will then report to me at the palace."

These were the emperor's directions, but given with an accuracy and a minuteness of detail such as no one but himself

dinary interview which we had had, and by the thought of the great adventure which lay before us. For my own part, it had been my fate three several times to take my orders from the lips of the emperor himself, but neither the incident of the Ajaccio murderers nor the famous ride which I made to Paris appeared to offer such opportunities as this new and most intimate commission. "If things go right with the emperor," said Despienne, "we shall all live to be marshals yet." We drank with him to our future cocked hats and our batons.

It was agreed between us that we should make our way separately to our rendezvous, which was to be the first mile-stone upon the Paris road. In this way we should avoid the gossip which might get about if three men who were so well known were to be seen riding out together. My little Violette had cast a shoe that morning and the farrier was at work upon her when I returned, so that my comrades were already there when I arrived at the trysting-place. I had taken with me not only my saber but also my new pair of English rifled pistols, with a mallet for knocking in the charges. They had cost me a hundred and fifty francs at Trouvel's in the Rue de Rivoli, but they would carry far further and straighter than the others. It was with one of them that I had saved old Bouvel's life at Leipsic.

The night was cloudless, and there was a brilliant moon behind us, so that we always had three black horsemen riding down the white road in front of us. The country is so thickly wooded, however, that we could not see very far. The great palace clock had already struck ten, but there was no sign of the countess. We began to fear that something might have prevented her from starting.

And then suddenly we heard her in the distance. Very faint at first were the birr of the wheels and the tat-tat-tat of the horses' feet. Then they grew louder and clearer, and louder yet, until a pair of yellow lanterns swung round the curve, and in their light we saw the two big, brown horses tearing along with the high, blue carriage at the back of them. The coachman pulled them up panting and foaming within a few yards of us. In a moment we were at the window and had raised our hands in a salute to the beautiful pale face which looked out at us.

"We are the three officers of the emperor, madame," said I in a low voice, leaning my face down to the open window. "You have already been warned that we should wait upon you."

The countess had a very beautiful cream-tinted complexion of a sort which I particularly admire, but she grew whiter and whiter as she looked up at me. Harsh lines deepened upon her face and she seemed, even as I looked at her, to turn from youth into age.

"It is evident to me," she said, "that you are three imposters."

If she had struck me across the face with her delicate hand she could not have startled me more. It was not her words only, but the bitterness with which she hissed them out.

"Indeed, madame," said I, "you do us less than justice. These are the Colonel Despienne and Captain Treteau. For myself, my name is Brigadier Gérard, and I have only to mention it to assure any one who has heard of me that—"

"Oh, you villains!" she interrupted. "You think that because I am only a woman I am very easily to be hoodwinked? You miserable imposters!"

I looked at Despienne, who had turned white with anger, and at Trenteau, who was tugging at his mustache.

"Madame," said I coldly, "when the emperor did us the honor to entrust us with this mission, he gave me this amethyst ring as a token. I had not thought that three honorable gentlemen would have needed such corroboration, but I can only confute your unworthy suspicions by placing it in your hands."

She held it up in the light of the carriage lamp, and the most dreadful expression of grief and of horror contorted her face.

"It is his!" she screamed, and then, "Oh, my God, what have I done! What have I done!"

I felt that something terrible had befallen. "Quick, madame, quick!" I cried. "Give us the papers!"

"I have already given them."

"Given them! To whom?"

"To three officers."

"When?"

"Within the half hour."

"Where are they?"

"God help me, I do not know. They stopped the berlin and I handed them over to them without hesitation, thinking that they had come from the emperor."

It was a thunderclap. But those are the moments when I am at my finest.

"You remain here," said I to my comrades. "If three horsemen pass you, stop them at any hazard. The lady will describe them to you. I will be with you presently." One shake of the bridle and I was flying into Fontainebleau as only Violette could have carried me. At the

palace I flung myself off, rushed up the stairs, brushed aside the lackeys who would have stopped me, and pushed my way into the emperor's own cabinet.

He and Macdonald were busy with pencil and compasses over a chart. He looked up with an angry frown at my sudden entry, but his face changed color when he saw that it was I.

"You can leave us, marshal," said he, and then the instant that the door was closed, "What news about the papers?"

"They are gone," said I, and in a few curt words I told him what had happened. His face was calm, but I saw the compasses quiver in his hand.

"You must recover them, Gérard!" he cried. "The destinies of my dynasty are at stake. Not a moment is to be lost! To horse, sir, to horse!"

"Who are they, sire?"

"I cannot tell. I am surrounded with treason. But they will take them to Paris. To whom should they carry them but to the villain Talleyrand. Yes, yes, they are on the Paris road, and may yet be overtaken. With the three best mounts in my stables and—"

I did not wait to hear the end of the sentence. I was already clattering down the stair. I am sure that five minutes had not passed before I was galloping Violette out of the town with the bridles of one of the emperor's own Arab chargers in either hand. They wished me to take three, but I should have never dared to look my Violette in the face again. I feel that the spectacle must have been superb when I dashed up to my comrades and pulled the horses onto their haunches in the moonlight.

"No one has passed?"

"No one."

"Then they are on the Paris road. Quick! Up and after them!"

They did not take long, those good old soldiers. In a flash they were upon the emperor's horses, and their own left masterless by the roadside. Then away we went upon our long chase, I in the center, Despienne upon my right, and Tremeau a little behind, for he was the heavier man. Heavens, how we galloped! The twelve flying hoofs roared and roared along the hard, smooth road. Poplars and moon, black bars and silver streaks, for mile after mile our course lay along

the same checkered track with our shadows in front and our dust behind. We could hear the rasping of bolts and the creaking of shutters from the cottages as we thundered past them, but we were only three dark blurs upon the road by the time that the folk could look after us. It was just striking midnight as we raced into Corbeil, but an ostler with a bucket in either hand was throwing his black shadow across the golden fan which was cast from the open door of the inn.

"Three riders!" I gasped. "Have they passed?"

"I have just been watering their horses," said he. "I should think they—"

"On, on, my friends!" and away we flew, striking fire from the cobblestones of the little town. A gendarme tried to stop us, but his voice was drowned by our rattle and clatter. The houses slid past and we were out on the country road again, with a clear twenty miles between ourselves and Paris. How could they escape us, with the finest horses in France behind them! Not one of the three had turned a hair, but Violette was always a head and shoulders to the front. She was going within herself, too, and I knew by the spring of her that I had only to let her stretch herself and the emperor's horses would see the color of her tail.

"There they are!" cried Despienne.

"We have them!" growled Tremeau.

"On, comrades, on!" I shouted once more.

A long stretch of white road lay before us in the moonlight. Far away down it we could see three cavaliers, lying low upon their horses' necks. Every instant they grew larger and clearer as we gained upon them. I could see quite plainly that the two upon either side were wrapped in mantles and rode upon chestnut horses, whilst the man between them was dressed in a chasseur uniform and mounted upon a gray. They were keeping abreast, but it was easy enough to see from the way in which he gathered his legs for each spring that the center horse was far the fresher of the three. And the rider appeared to be the leader of the party, for we continually saw the glint of his face in the moonshine as he looked back to measure the distance between us. At first it was only a glimmer, then it was cut

across with a mustache, and at last, when we began to feel their dust in our throats I could give a name to my man.

"Halt, Colonel de Montluc!" I shouted.  
 "Halt, in the emperor's name!"

I had known him for years as a daring officer and an unprincipled rascal. Indeed, there was a score open between us, for he had shot my friend, Treville, at Warsaw, pulling his trigger, as some said, a good second before the drop of the handkerchief.

Well, the words were hardly out of my mouth when his two comrades wheeled round and fired their pistols at us. I heard Despienne give a terrible cry, and at the same instant both Trembeau and I let drive at the same man. He fell forward with his hands swinging on each side of his horse's neck. His comrade spurred onto Trembeau, saber in hand, and I heard the crash which comes when a strong cut is met by a stronger parry. For my own part, I never turned my head, but I touched Violette with the spur for the first time and flew after the leader. That he should leave his comrades and fly was proof enough that I should leave mine and follow.

He had gained a couple of hundred paces, but the good little mare set that right before we could have passed two mile-stones. It was in vain that he spurred

and thrashed like a gunner-driver on a soft road. His hat flew off with his exertions, and his bald head gleamed in the moonshine. But do what he might, he still heard the rattle of the hoofs growing louder and louder behind him. I could not have been twenty yards from him, and the shadow head was touching the shadow haunch, when he turned with a curse in his saddle and emptied both his pistols, one after the other, into Violette.

I have been wounded myself so often that I have to stop and think before I can tell you the exact number of times. I have been hit by musket-balls, by pistol-bullets, and by bursting shell, besides being pierced by bayonet, lance, saber, and finally by a brad-awl, which was the most painful of any. Yet, out of all these injuries, I have never known the same deadly sickness as came over me when I felt the poor, silent, patient creature, which I had come to love more than anything in the world except my mother and the emperor, reel and stagger beneath me. I pulled my second pistol from my holster and fired point blank between the fellow's broad shoulders. He slashed his horse across the flank with his whip, and for a moment I thought that I had missed him. But then on the green of his chasseur jacket I saw an ever-widening black smudge, and he began to sway in



"OVER HE WENT, WITH HIS FOOT CAUGHT IN THE STIRRUP."



his saddle, very slightly at first, but more and more with every bound, until at last over he went, with his foot caught in the stirrup and his shoulders thud-thud-thudding along the road, until the drag was too much for the tired horse, and I closed my hand upon the foam-spattered bridle-chain. As I pulled him up it eased the stirrup-leather, and the spurred heel clinked loudly as it fell.

"Your papers!" I cried, springing from my saddle. "This instant!"

But even as I said it the huddle of the green body and the fantastic sprawl of the limbs in the moonlight told me clearly enough that it was all over with him. My bullet had passed through his heart, and it was only his own iron will which had held him so long in the saddle. He had lived hard, this Montluc, and I will do him the justice to say that he died hard also.

But it was the papers—always the papers—of which I thought.

I opened his tunic and I felt in his shirt. Then I searched his holsters and his saber-tass. Finally I dragged off his boots and undid his horse's girth, so as to hunt under the saddle. There was not a nook or crevice which I did not ransack. It was useless. They were not upon him.

When this stunning blow came upon me I could have sat down by the roadside and wept. Fate seemed to be fighting against me, and that is an enemy from whom even a gallant hussar might not be ashamed to flinch. I stood with my arm over the neck of my poor wounded Violette, and I tried to think it all out, that I might act in the wisest way. I was aware that the emperor had no great respect for my wits, and I longed to show him that he had done me an injustice. Montluc had not the papers. And yet Montluc had sacrificed his companions in order to make his escape. I could make nothing of that. On the other hand, it was clear that if he had not got them, one or other of his comrades had. One of them was certainly dead. The other I had left fighting with Treméau, and if he escaped from the old swordsman, he had still to pass me. Clearly my work lay behind me.

I hammered fresh charges into my pistols after I had turned this over in my head. Then I put them back in the hol-

sters, and I examined my little mare, she jerking her head and cocking her ears the while, as if to tell me that an old soldier like herself did not make a fuss about a scratch or two. The first shot had merely grazed her off shoulder leaving a skin-mark, as if she had brushed a wall. The second was more serious. It had passed through the muscle of her neck, but already it had ceased to bleed. I reflected that if she weakened I could mount Montluc's gray, and meanwhile I led him along beside us, for he was a fine horse, worth fifteen hundred francs at the least, and it seemed to me that no one had a better right to it than I.

Well, I was all impatience now to get back to the others, and I had just given Violette her head, when suddenly I saw something glimmering on a field by the roadside. It was the brasswork upon the chasseur hat which had flown from Montluc's head, and at the sight of it a thought made me jump in the saddle. How could the hat have flown off? With its weight would it not have simply dropped? And here it lay fifteen paces from the roadway! Of course he must have thrown it off when he had made sure that I would overtake him. And if he threw it off—I did not stop to reason any more, but I sprang from the mare with my heart beating the *pas-de-charge*. Yes, it was all right this time. There in the crown of the hat there was stuffed a roll of papers in a parchment wrapper bound round with yellow ribbon. I pulled it out with the one hand and holding the hat in the other I danced for joy in the moonlight. The emperor would see that he had not made a mistake when he put his affair in the charge of Étienne Gérard.

I had a safe pocket on the inside of my tunic, just over my heart, where I kept a few little things which were dear to me, and into this I thrust my precious roll. Then I sprang upon Violette, and was pushing forward to see what had become of Treméau, when I saw a horseman riding across the fields in the distance. At the same instant I heard the sound of hoofs approaching me, and there in the moonlight was the emperor upon his white charger, dressed in his gray overcoat and his three-cornered hat, just as I had seen him so often upon the field of battle.



"Well?" he cried in that sharp sergeant-major way of his. "Where are my papers?"

I spurred forward and presented them without a word.

He broke the ribbon and ran his eyes rapidly over them. Then as we sat our horses head to tail he threw his left arm across me with his hand upon my shoulder. Yes, my friends, simple as you see me, I have been embraced by my great master.

"Gérard," he cried, "you are a marvel!"

I did not wish to contradict him, and it brought a flush of joy upon my cheeks to know that he had done me justice at last.

"Where is the thief, Gérard?" he asked.

"Dead, sire."

"You killed him?"

"He wounded my horse, sire, and would have escaped had I not shot him."

"Did you recognize him?"

"De Montluc is his name, sire,—a colonel of chasseurs."

"Tut!" said the emperor. "We have got the poor pawn, but the hand which plays the game is still out of our reach." He sat in silent thought for a little with his chin sunk upon his chest. "Ah, Talleyrand, Talleyrand," I heard him mutter. "If I had been in your place and you in mine, you would have crushed a viper when you held it under your heel. For five years I have known you for what you are, and yet I have let you live to sting me. Never mind, my brave," he continued, turning to me, "there will come a day of reckoning for everybody, and when it arrives I promise you that my friends will be remembered as well as my enemies."

"Sire," said I, for I had had time for thought as well as he, "if your plans about these papers have been carried to the ears of your enemies, I trust that you do not think that it was owing to any indiscretion on the part of myself or of my comrades."

"It would be hardly reasonable for me to do so," he answered, "seeing that this plot was hatched in Paris, and that you only had your orders a few hours ago."

"Then how—"

"Enough!" he cried sternly. "You take undue advantage of your position."

That was always the way with the emperor. He would chat with you as with a friend and a brother, and then when he had wiled you into forgetting the gulf which lay between you, he would suddenly with a word or with a look remind you that it was as impassable as ever. When I have fondled my old hound until he has been encouraged to paw my knees, and I have then thrust him down again, it has made me think of the emperor and his ways.

He reined his horse round and I followed him in silence and with a heavy heart. But when he spoke again his words were enough to drive all thought of myself out of my mind.

"I could not sleep until I knew how you had fared," said he. "I have paid a price for my papers. There are not so many of my old soldiers left that I can afford to lose two in one night."

When he said "two," it turned me cold.

"Colonel Despienne was shot, sire," I stammered.

"And Captain Tremeau cut down. Had I been a few minutes earlier I might have saved him. The other escaped across the fields."

I remembered that I had seen a horseman a moment before I had met the emperor. He had taken to the fields to avoid me, but if I had known, and Violette been unwounded, the old soldier would not have gone unavenged. I was thinking sadly of his sword play and wondering whether it was his stiffening wrist which had been fatal to him, when Napoleon spoke again.

"Yes, brigadier," said he, "you are now the only man who will know where these papers are concealed."

It must have been imagination, my friends, but for an instant, I may confess, that it seemed to me that there was a tone in the emperor's voice which was not altogether one of sorrow. But the dark thought had hardly time to form itself in my mind before he let me see that I was doing him an injustice.

"Yes, I have paid a price for my papers," he said, and I heard them crackle as he put his hand up to his bosom. "No man has ever had more faithful servants—no man since the beginning of the world."

As he spoke we came upon the scene

of the struggle. Colonel Despienne and the man whom we had shot lay together some distance down the road, while their horses grazed contentedly beneath the poplars. Captain Tremeau lay in front of us upon his back, with his arms and legs stretched out, and his saber broken short off in his hand. His tunic was open and a huge blood-clot hung like a dark handkerchief out of a slit in his white shirt. I could see the gleam of his clenched teeth from under his immense *mustache*.

The emperor sprang from his horse and bent down over the dead man.

"He was with me since Rivoli," he said sadly. "He was one of my old grumblers in Egypt."

And the voice brought the man back from the dead. I saw his eyelids shiver. He twitched his arm and moved the sword hilt a few inches. He was trying to raise it in a salute. Then the mouth opened and the hilt tinkled down onto the ground.

"May we all die as gallantly," said the emperor as he rose, and from my heart I added, "Amen."

There was a farm within fifty yards of where we were standing, and the farmer roused from his sleep by the clatter of hoofs and the cracking of pistols, had rushed out to the roadside. We saw him now, dumb with fear and astonishment, staring open-eyed at the emperor. It was to him that we committed the care of the four dead men and of the horses also. For my own part, I thought it best to leave *Violette* with him and to take de Montluc's gray with me, for he could not refuse to give me back my own mare, while there might be difficulties about the other. Besides, my little friend's wound had to be considered, and we had a long return ride before us.

The emperor did not at first talk much upon the way. Perhaps the deaths of Despienne and of Tremeau still weighed heavily upon his spirits. He was always a reserved man, and in those times when every hour brought him the news of some success of his enemies, or dejection of his friends, one could not expect him to be a merry companion. Nevertheless, when I reflected that he was carrying in his bosom those papers which he valued so highly, and which only a few hours ago

appeared to be for ever lost, and when I further thought that it was I, Étienne Gérard, who had placed them there, I felt that I had deserved some little notice and consideration. The same idea may have occurred to him, for when we had at last left the Paris high road and had entered the forest, he began of his own accord to tell me that which I should have most liked to have asked him.

"As to the papers," said he, "I have already told you that there is no one now except you and me who know where they are to be concealed. My *mameluke* carried the spades to the pigeon-house, but I have told him nothing. Our plans, however, for bringing the packet from Paris have been formed since Monday. There were three in the secret, a woman and two men. The woman I would trust with my life. Which of the two men has betrayed us I do not know, but I think that I may promise to find out." We were riding in the shadow of the trees at the time, and I could hear him slapping his riding-whip against his boot and taking pinch after pinch of snuff, as was his way when he was excited.

"You wonder, no doubt," said he after a pause, "why these rascals did not stop the carriage at Paris instead of at the entrance to Fontainebleau."

In truth, the objection had not occurred to me, but I did not wish to appear to have less wits than he gave me credit for, so I answered that it was indeed surprising.

"Had they done so, they would have made a public scandal, and run a chance of missing their end. Short of taking the berlin to pieces, they could not have discovered the hiding place. He planned it well—he could always plan well—and he chose his agents well, also. But mine were the better."

It is not for me to repeat to you, my friends, all that was said to me by the emperor as we walked our horses amid the black shadows and through the moon-silvered glades of the great forest. Every word of it is impressed upon my memory, and before I pass away it is likely that I will place it all upon paper so that others may read it in the days to come. He spoke freely of his past, and something also of his future, of the devotion of MacDonald, of the treason of Marmont, of the



*Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.*

"HE WAS TRYING TO RAISE THE SWORD IN SALUTE."

little King of Rome, concerning whom he talked with as much tenderness as any bourgeois father of a single child, and finally of his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, who would, he thought, stand between his enemies and himself. For myself, I dared not say a word, remembering how I had already brought a rebuke upon myself; but I rode by his side hardly able to believe that this was indeed the great emperor, the man whose glance sent a thrill through me, who was now pouring out his thoughts to me in short, eager sentences, the words rattling and racing like the hoofs of a galloping squadron. It is possible that after the word-splittings and diplomacy of a court it was a relief to him to speak his mind to a plain soldier like myself.

In this way the emperor and I—even after forty years it sends a flush of pride into my cheeks to be able to put those words together—the emperor and I walked our horses through the forest of Fontainebleau, until we came at last to the old columbier. The three spades were propped against the wall upon the right-hand side of the ruined door, and at the

sight of them the tears sprang to my eyes as I thought of the hands for which they were intended. The emperor seized one and I another.

"Quick!" said he. "The dawn will be upon us before we get back to the palace."

We dug the hole, and placing the papers in one of my pistol-holsters to screen them from the damp, we laid them at the bottom and covered them up. We then carefully removed all marks of the ground having been disturbed, and we placed a large stone upon the top. I dare say that since the emperor was a young gunner, and helped to train his pieces against Toulon, he had not worked so hard with his hands. He was mopping his forehead with his silk handkerchief long before we had come to the end of his task.

The first gray, cold light of morning was stealing through the tree-trunks when we came out together from the old pigeon-house. The emperor laid his hand upon my shoulder as I stood ready to help him to mount.

"We have left the papers there," said he solemnly, "and I desire that you shall

leave all thought of them there also. Let the recollection of them pass entirely from your mind, to be revived only when you receive a direct order under my own hand and seal. From this time onward you forget all that has passed."

"I forget it, sire," said I.

We rode together to the edge of the town, where he desired that I should separate from him. I had saluted and was turning my horse, when he called me back.

"It is easy to mistake the points of the compass in the forest," said he. "Would you not say that it was in the northeastern corner that we buried them?"

"Buried what, sire?"

"The papers, of course," he cried impatiently.

"What papers, sire?"

"Name of a name, why the papers that you have recovered for me."

"I am really at a loss to know what your majesty is talking about."

He flushed with anger for a moment, and then he burst out laughing.

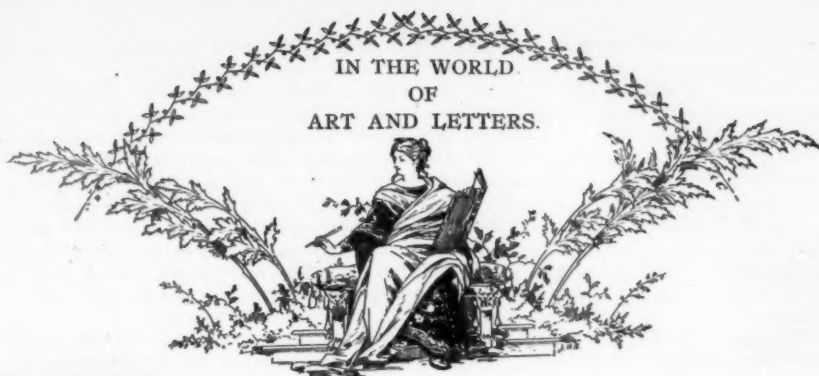
"Very good, brigadier!" he cried. "I begin to believe that you are as good a diplomatist as you are a soldier, and I cannot say more than that."

So that was my strange adventure in which I found myself the friend and confidential agent of the emperor. When he returned from Elba he refrained from digging up the papers until his position should be secure, and they still remained in the corner of the old pigeon-house after his exile to St. Helena. It was at this

time that he was desirous of getting them into the hands of his own supporters, and for that purpose he wrote me, as I afterwards learned, three letters, all of which were intercepted by his guardians. Finally, he offered to support himself and his own establishment if they would only pass one of his letters unopened. This request was refused, and so up to his death in 1821 the papers still remained where I have told you. How they came to be dug up by Count Bertrand and myself, and who eventually obtained them, is a story which I would tell you were it not that the end has not yet come. Some day you will hear of those papers, and you will see how after he has been so long in his grave that great man can still set Europe shaking. When that day comes you will think of Étienne Gérard, and you will tell your children that you have heard the story from the lips of the man who was the only one living of all who took part in that strange history—the man who was tempted by Marshal Berthier, who led that wild pursuit upon the Paris road, who was honored by the embrace of the emperor, and who rode with him by moonlight in the forest of Fontainebleau. The buds are bursting and the birds are calling, my friends. You may find better things to do out in the sunlight than listening to the stories of an old broken soldier. And yet you may well treasure what I say, for the buds will have burst and the birds sung in many a season before France will see another ruler as he whose servants we were proud to be.



*Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.*



**he Month in England.**—Probably there has been less interest in any new book than in the tempest lately aroused by Mr. Gosse. At a booksellers' dinner this author accused an author of being "greedy," and of living, as it were, on the blood of publishers. No authors count now except novelists; the novelist gets the apple and leaves the indigestible core to writers of all other kinds. Mr. Gosse appeared to argue that the successful novelist, extorting

a price which the publishers could not make a profit on, compelled him (as boys say) "to take it out of" essayists, poets, historians, and so forth.

The Society of Authors was up in arms, and formally asked Mr. Gosse for special instances of "greed" in novelists. I am not aware that he satisfied their curiosity, any more than they print the names of the "shady" publishers, whose deeds they denounce. They, therefore, withdrew uttering dignified phrases of resentment.

I do not know much about trade, but I take it that certain novelists now in vogue (deservedly or not) do press their advantage to the uttermost. Very probably some new publishers accept hard terms from some new authors, hoping, perhaps, to recoup themselves by the advertisement of a popular name on their lists. Meanwhile, all but fictitious literature is paid very poorly; but, I would ask, is there much general literature which deserves or earns a higher reward? The public only reads novels, and trash, yet a new Gibbon, or Macaulay, or Ruskin, or Froude, would win a hearing. The pity is that we have no such captivating writers; we cannot gain a large audience unless we are either popular novelists or startling speculators in theology or social matters; or, again, writers of more or less fabulous reminiscences. Even if no novelists were "greedy," only a poor core of the apple would be our portion. At the same time, the arts of advertisement, and a huckstering talk about profits, royalties, pounds, shillings, and pence, are very prevalent,—more than I ever remember them to have been. The results expected from education have not appeared: there are not more readers, but far fewer readers than of old for serious books. And there are, perhaps, consequently very few serious books worth reading. Well, we must mumble our core; better men than we have been more poorly remunerated and have held their peace.

The old Junius controversy has been feebly revived. Mr. Frazer Rae has discovered a letter of Junius, which Francis could not have written, as he was in India, or on the high seas, at the date of composition. Granting that this letter is genuine, the field is open once more to conjecture. For my part, I would prefer Crocker's favorite, the wicked Lord Lyttelton. As a ruffianly patrician of great parts and eloquence, versatile, violent, and unscrupulous, he exactly answers to the character of Junius. But if an alibi can be pleaded for Lyttelton, if he was



in Italy while the letters were appearing, we must again look elsewhere. Is the vellum-bound copy of the collected epistles, Junius' only fee, at Hagley? If it is, the riddle is answered. By the way, I recently noted an account of Lyttelton's famous ghost or dream, given by one who heard him tell the tale on the morning after the experience, on the third day before his prophesied death. The narrator was Mr. Rowan Hamilton, the madcap asserter of Irish freedom, who died an exile in America. His memoirs, written about 1826, were published in 1840.

In history, we have Mr. Froude's very stirring and brilliant "English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century." In Mr. Froude's wine there were no dregs. To the last, he had the same captivating power, despite his lamented and constitutional inaccuracy. The little works on Napoleon and Wellington, by Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts, fascinate civilians, who have to read what they but dimly understand.

In fiction, Mr. Yeats' "Honor of Savelli" is decidedly picturesque in the manner of Mr. Stanley Weyman. I should earlier have recommended Mr. Hornung's "The Boss of Taroombe." I never lifted my eyes from the pages till I reached *finis*; hence you may see that this is not an analytic novel! "The Grasshoppers," by Mr. Andrew Deane, reveals once more a clever, humorous, and genial writer, who is certainly a pleasant addition to ranks already crowded.

In poetry, Mr. Le Gallienne's "Robert Louis Stevenson" (an elegy on the writer so justly dear) contains many charming passages of verse, with a few not quite on the general level of the volume, as is customary. Mr. Le Gallienne is certainly not "grand, epic, homicidal," but he is sweet, tender, and musical. In a lower degree these qualities are even too common, in a high degree they will always give a refined pleasure. There is also a novel vein of imagination, with its power of making old things new.

In archæology, we have Mr. Arthur Evans' ingenious, learned, and, to my mind, very probable discovery that the Phœnician alphabet was derived, not from Egypt, but from an old Cretan syllabary, itself a "linearization" of an older system of pictorial hieroglyphics. Mr. Evans' account of his travels and researches in Crete has literary as well as archæological merit, and is copiously illustrated. As a cautious authority remarks, "the Cretans could not have lied much in this kind of writing," and I do not suppose that it was used for literary purposes. The essay is in the *Journal of the Hellenic Society*, but one may hope that Mr. Evans will publish his work in some more accessible form. To be sure, he does not vie with popular novelists.

ANDREW LANG.



**t the Academy.**—At the time of writing, M. Maria de Hérédia is the most talked-of man in Paris. He has just entered the French Academy, where he was received by M. François Coppée, who had been appointed by that noble assembly to be its orator on that solemn occasion.

I can readily believe that of these two poets, François Coppée is the better known in America; and I will venture to add that he is the one who deserves to be. But M. de Hérédia occupies in Paris a singular position that has given him a great deal of prestige. Differing from the writers (I mean the writers by trade—the professionals, and M. Coppée is one of them) who publish volume upon volume, and lay themselves open each time to criticisms, M. de Hérédia composed his sonnets slowly, and when they were written would not allow them to be printed. He recited them in a few friendly salons, where they were received with overpowering enthusiasm. Their fame spread itself in good society, where they were spoken of with mystery. A few remembered lines would be quoted, and, naturally, they were the finest. A few manuscript copies were circulated; sometimes a review was able to entertain its readers with one of these short pieces, and the subscribers to the review would then be carried away by transports of admiration, or, rather, by a feeling similar to the



tender devotion of the faithful of the Church. There were ecstasies and communings in the sweetness of an ineffable and mystic joy.

The general public was not in the secret. And yet, during the many years that M. de Hérédia had gone about reading his lines, and that his devotees passed them on from one to another, the sound of his name had slowly filtered into other circles and there made its mark. The author was not discussed. How could he be when no more than half a dozen of his lines were known? Although these were really very fine, and, being fervently quoted and repeated everywhere, his reputation grew, surrounded by mystery and increased even by that mystery itself.

"Ah! if he would but make up his mind to publish those marvelous poems!" But he did not decide. Either through lordly negligence, or indifference to fame as a mere writer, or through a clever calculation to arouse desire, he kept in manuscript the treasure of his sonnets, and expectation was only the more aroused.

I know that I, in my humble sphere, contributed to the spread of this renown that seemed bent upon remaining hidden. One evening, at Alphonse Daudet's, M. de Hérédia recited three of his sonnets to us. He speaks his lines admirably, with a warm, loud voice and proud bearing that betray his Spanish blood. I was charmed; there remained in my memory the close of one of these three sonnets, and I went about everywhere repeating with the last line: "What a poet Hérédia is! What an admirable poet!"

And every one, even his rivals, repeated "What a poet!" It is true that his rivals had no cause to be afraid of him, for, as he neither published anything nor had any aspirations, he could never inconvenience them. His was a unique position, which it would, perhaps, be impossible to parallel in the history of our literature.

Coppée, in his answer, made in the name of the Academy to M. de Hérédia, touched the matter in a few words, and did it with a light and ingenious pen.

"You have been," he told him, "the most delicate and most passionate of amateurs." And as he feared that the word "amateur" might appear somewhat ironical, he explained it in the most amiable manner. "The amateur poet," he told him, "when he has talent, be it understood, is the purest of poets. The worship of his art is, with him, entirely disinterested. He writes for himself alone, for his own enjoyment, and shows his verses only to a narrow circle of friends and connoisseurs. As he does not think of publishing, he is not solicitous of success, and is incapable of the least concession either to fashion or the public.

It may be said that in this sense, M. de Hérédia has been the first and most brilliant of amateur poets. This attitude has been a marvelously successful one for him, since it has led him to the Academy in the first place, and then to fame. For even if M. de Hérédia is not popular, he is at least renowned.

It is true that he has ended by publishing his poems. But they are all contained in a small volume with but one sonnet per page, and a sonnet has only fourteen lines. Among these sonnets there are some pure and flawless gems, of which Coppée was able to say, speaking of the time the author had spent in composing them: "It takes time to cut diamonds."

Unfortunately, these diamonds can only be appreciated by the French. To enjoy the perfection of these poems, it is absolutely necessary to have a thorough knowledge of our language, and to be familiar with its sonorities. The first charm of these lines is their superb harmony. This merit is lost in translation. I really believe that if M. de Hérédia's sonnets were transposed into another idiom, nothing would remain of them. For, in these short poems, the idea counts for but little; everything lies in the form and the music.

I am informed that the English and Americans are not very sensitive to the divine harmony of our Racine, whose lines are a perpetual caress and a delicious voluptuousness to our French ears. I imagine that M. de Hérédia's sonnets would find them colder still.

François Coppée must be easier for a foreigner to understand and appreciate. He infuses wit and sentiment into his lines, and has the art of developing an

idea, thus rendering it clearer and more attractive. With M. de Hérédia the words fall one by one, as from a pipette, but they are words that are just and rare.

Personally, my taste inclines in favor of Coppée; but our younger school leans rather toward Hérédia.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.



**he Memoirs of Barras.**—A passion, even though it be a mean one, has for literary purposes all the force of inspiration. We have had memoirs of Napoleon, inspired, as in the case of O'Meara's, by an ardent love and reverence; we have had the gossipy, feminine tittle-tattle of Madame de Rémusat, whose inspiring motive was snobbishness, and now we are presented with the recollections of a man whose inspiration was hate.

Vicomte de Barras was a nobleman of ancient and illustrious lineage, who began his career as a savage critic of the extravagance and favoritism of the Bourbon court, and naturally developed after the fall of the Bastille into a full-blown revolutionist. As a member of the Convention he voted for the death of the king, and became a member of the Directory, in which capacity he was sent out to "pacify" the rebellious provinces, and presided over those frightful carnages which disgraced the history of the Reign of Terror. While armed with dictatorial powers, he sold his influence and protection, and reaped a golden harvest from his atrocities. Robespierre, having discovered his venality, and detesting his corruption, resolved to seize the first opportunity to bring him and his fellow-speculators to the guillotine; but the wary group, taking alarm at his hostility, anticipated him, and took his head instead. This, it will be seen, differs considerably from the accepted version of the fall of Robespierre, and I can only refer those who wish to unravel the snarls of that intricate intrigue to the elaborate and interesting preface to the present volumes by M. George Duruy.

In his delightful book, "Memories and Portraits," the late Robert Louis Stevenson declares that a man who would like to know what kind of autobiography a dog would write, need only read Hans Christian Andersen's "The Fairy Tale of My Life." I would add that if any one should cherish a similar curiosity in regard to a viper, I would recommend to him "The Memoirs of Barras." There is not a commandment from the first to the tenth which this foul demagogue did not break, and scarcely a contemptible quality (unless it be cowardice) which he did not in some measure display. He was licentious to a degree, and boasted of his amours; his mendacity was only equaled by his malice, and his audacity by his vanity. It was the overweening dominance of this latter trait (which amounted to a passion) that made him conceive the idea that he was the discoverer of Napoleon; that, in fact, he furnished the obscure young Corsican with the opportunity to rise; that he was his creature. To establish this legend, these memoirs were apparently written. But Barras, like so many another inflated egotist, lacked the cleverness to elaborate with consistency his own hypothesis. Every now and then his wrath at Napoleon's alleged ingratitude flares up and makes him forget all other considerations. Thus he denies to Bonaparte every gift and quality which would have justified him in advancing his fortunes; and he lies openly when he asserts that he dragged him out of obscurity after the siege of Toulon, and had him promoted to a captaincy, for official documents prove that Napoleon was already a captain at the siege of Toulon. Moreover, the records establish that it was not Barras, but General Dugommier, who recommended his promotion.

It would be a wearisome task to rehearse all the variegated and ingenious calumnies with which the disgruntled revolutionist bespatters the name of his triumphant foe. Why these musty scandals should have been dragged from the congenial dusk of ancient lumber-rooms, where they have been hiding for three-quarters of a century, and, being disencumbered of the dust of ages, made to parade in the guise of history, would be difficult to conjecture if it were not for

the recent revival of the Napoleon worship. Thus it is by a veritable master-stroke of Fate's irony that the luster of the name which the memorialist was bent upon obscuring has penetrated to the forgotten corner where his malodorous reputation was decaying, and rescued it from well-merited oblivion.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



### History of English Poetry, by W. J. Courthope, M.A. —

A solid and sustaining work is this which Mr. Courthope has given us, with the assurance that the task so well begun will be carried to completion, "before the close of the present century," in some half-dozen ensuing volumes of presumably the same stupendous bulk and weight. It is useless to lament or growl over the size of English books. A nation that is

content to read its essays in tomes of encyclopedic magnitude will naturally not object to a history of poetry too heavy for aching wrists to hold. The bigger the worthier is the accepted verdict of the stalwart Briton; but I never struggle with one of these mighty thicknesses without an envious recollection of those frantic households who were wont to tear asunder Mrs. Radcliffe's lurid romances, so that each member of the family could quickly and easily read his allotted share.

Mr. Courthope's ample pages, however, are more fit for careful study than for comfortable perusal. He has entered upon his labors in a finely critical spirit, not stepping lightly from epoch to epoch, and from poet to poet; but retaining an intelligent and comprehensive grasp upon the whole subject, while he patiently and minutely elucidates the parts. It is his endeavor to keep clearly in view the three great forces which molded English literature into its present shape; the influence of the Latin church making itself felt in every phase of intellectual life; the natural genius or bent of the Anglo-Saxon race with its superb and irresistible power of assimilation; and the traditions of Greco-Roman culture, which, descending through the barbarous ages in almost imperceptible channels, gained strength and fullness with the growing civilization of Europe, until they finally opened the way for the budding glories of the Renaissance. A work developed on these serious lines is necessarily slow of growth; and the long chapter devoted to Beowulf, to Cædmon, and to Cynewulf, the chapter analyzing the less well-known poetry of the Anglo-Normans, and the many careful pages bestowed upon that much-talked-about and little read masterpiece, "Piers Plowman," prepare the student with leisurely thoroughness for the final appearance of Chaucer, who is not permitted on the scene until the portly volume is more than two-thirds read.

But when this period of probation is well past, with what relief do we turn from the severe discontent and exacting puritanism of Langland to the cheerful humanity of the "Canterbury Tales!" How pleasant it is to know that fortune smiled with more than her wonted fidelity upon the father of English verse, who loved life as he found it, and who was content to eat his cake and to drink his can with the merriest. Indeed, the daily grant of a pitcher of wine, one of the many gifts bestowed upon Chaucer by an appreciative sovereign, points pleasantly to jovial possibilities; and, when his star had temporarily set under the forlorn patronage of Richard II., it is a whole hogshead of wine that we find him sturdily demanding from a neglectful court, which was not so hardened in ingratitude as to refuse him. Gower, recognizing Chaucer's abundant cheerfulness, puts this well-earned praise into the mouth of laughter-loving Venus, who claims him as her disciple and her poet:

"For in the floure of his youth,  
In sundry wise, as he wel couth,  
Of ditties and of songes glade,  
The which he for my sake made,  
The loud fulfilled is over all."

It may be that the average student, not particularly enamored of the unknown, will regret that Mr. Courthope has devoted so small a portion of his lengthy book to the greatest figure it is given him to handle, and that his appreciation of Chaucer is rather dutiful than loving. Forty pages dedicated to "Piers Plowman" and fourteen to the "Canterbury Tales" seem to the uninitiated like an intolerable proportion of sack, and we leave these fourteen pages with reluctance even for the interesting and valuable chapters upon the decay of English minstrelsy and the rise of the English drama. Yet nothing can be more finely indicated than the successive developments of the York, Towneley, and Coventry Mysteries, as Mr. Courthope places them, one by one, before us. The gradual intrusion of the human element into what was first a purely didactic spectacle; the broadening and coarsening of the humor; the stealthy introduction of scenes and characters not warranted by Holy Writ; the whole slow, inevitable process by which the splendid drama of the Elizabethan poets was evolved from the rude representations of city guilds is here distinctly and critically traced. Even the superficial reader can but regret the necessity which defers the completion of this enthralling subject to one of those coming volumes so faithfully promised "before the close of the present century."

AGNES REPPLIER.



**The New Poet.**—The Taine school of literary criticism, which deduces great writers from their environment, owes its main plausibility to prophesying after the event. Given the present situation in English literature, which we know much more subtly and minutely than we can possibly know any past period, who could have deduced Mr. Francis Thompson, a singer who has more affinities with Cowley and Crashaw than with our modern makers of verse? Yet it is this unexpected thing that has happened; a poet has appeared, wholly untouched by the zeitgeist, untouched, indeed, by aught save the eternal simplicities of beauty and song that are contemporaneous with the ages. More than any poet since Keats he is a poet for poetry's sake, and far more than Keats he invents adjectives and participates at his own—not always sweet—will. Nor is there wanting a romantic history to put the hall-mark on his genius,—tales of a stern parent and a quixotic son, giving up all for art, and reduced even to peddling matches in the streets of London,—luckier than Hans Andersen's match-girl, who saw beautiful visions only when she was dead; rescued at last to fame and food, and living now happily with another poet—Coventry Palmore—whose religious faith he shares. For, unlike the questioning Watson, and the iconoclastic Davidson, and the Victorian poets generally, Thompson is a Roman Catholic. Such stately verse as his, so leisurely, so unperturbed, so self-enamored, could only revolve on the pivot of a sure faith, and one seems to catch organ-harmonies and the odors of incense, even when he is not giving us such images as the "Cowlèd Night, kneeling upon the eastern sanctuary stair,"—to quote from memory from the volume of "Poems" which announced the advent of this atavistic phenomenon, and which has now been supplemented by a long poem entitled "Sister-Songs." The new volume professes to be "An Offering to Two Sisters," which sheds a little light on its obscure magnificence. For there is no development from the nebulous splendors of his prime, which would be discouraging, but for the statement that the poem is only later in publication, not in composition. It was written four years ago. I feel curious to see how he writes to-day, for unless he has shorn himself of his extravagances and incoherencies, chastened his arbitrary neologisms, and infused his work with more thought and sanity, the critic will be driven, despite the risk, to cry with Jeffreys: "This will never do." Fine feathers do not make fine birds, nor purple passages great poems. I find Mr. Thompson best when he is simplest, and it was three monosyllabic words in a description of dawn—"light trod sky"—that, accidentally catching my eye when I opened his first book, convinced me

that a new planet had swum into our ken. "Sister-Songs" reveal a Shaksperian fertility and boldness of metaphor:

"While with unblinking glare  
The tawny-hided desert crouches watching her,"  
"As air sleeps, till it toss its limbs in breeze,"  
"When the stars pitch the golden tents  
Of their high campment on the plains of night."  
"Thine eyes within their browed recesses were  
Wolve caves where thought lay couchant in its lair."  
"The hardest pang whereon  
He lays his mutinous head may be a Jacob's stone."  
"Or if white-handed light  
Draw thee yet dripping from the quiet pools,  
Still lucencies and cools,  
Of sleep."

Images like these our poet pours prodigally from his exhaustless cornucopia. But on putting down the book the passage that dwells with me is not at all Thompsonian; it is barren of ponderous past participles and polysyllabic Latinisms:

"Then there came past  
A child; like thee, a spring flower; but a flower  
Fallen from the budded coroual of spring,  
And through the city streets blown withering.  
She passed,—O, brave, sad, lovingest, tender thing!—  
And of her own sad pittance did she give,  
That I might eat and live:  
Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.  
Therefore, I kissed in thee  
The heart of childhood, so divine for me;  
And her, through what sore ways  
And what unchildish days,  
Borne from me now, as then, a trackless fugitive.  
Therefore, I kissed in thee  
Her, child! and innocency,  
And spring, and all things that have gone from me,  
And that shall never be;  
All vanished hopes, and all most hopeless bliss,  
Came with thee to my kiss."

Perhaps it is the autobiographic touch that takes me; mayhap it is the breath of nature and reality amid the heavy-swinging censers of poetic fantasy. At any rate, here unquestionably is a new poet,—a wielder of beautiful words, a lover of beautiful things.

I. ZANGWILL.

### Ten Books of the Month.

FICTION.—THE OLD MAIDS' CLUB, by I. Zangwill. Lovell, Coryell & Co. 50 cts.

A STUDY IN PREJUDICES, by George Paston. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

IN DEACONS' ORDERS, AND OTHER STORIES, by Sir Walter Besant. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

WOMAN'S TRAGEDIES, by H. D. Lowry. Roberts Bros. \$1.25.

AN IMAGINATIVE MAN, by Robert S. Hichens. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—THE LIFE OF JAMES G. BLAINE, by Gail Hamilton. Henry Bill Pub. Co. \$3.50.

OLIVER CROMWELL, by George H. Clark, D.D. With an introduction by Charles Dudley Warner. Harper & Bros. 90 cents.

HISTORICAL.—A HISTORY OF EGYPT, by W. M. Flinders Petrie. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.25.

THEOLOGICAL.—OUTLINES OF SOCIAL THEOLOGY, by William DeWitt Hyde, D.D., President Bowdoin College. Macmillan & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.—THE STORY OF THE PLANTS, by Grant Allen. D. Appleton & Co. 40 cents.





**he Advent of Electric Railways.**—It is estimated that within the past seven years not less than five hundred thousand horses have been displaced by the trolley. This mode of transit in cities is now so familiar that only by some effort can one recall the days of the horse-car. Until 1887 electric propulsion was in its experimental stage. In that year the first installation upon a commercial scale was made in Richmond, Va. It was a success from

the beginning, and since then other cities have adopted the electric street-car and discharged the horse from service as fast as possible, until to-day every city and most of the large towns in the country have electric car service.

From the denser parts of cities these roads presently began to radiate into suburban districts, offering more frequent and more convenient transits than steam railroads provided. The steam roads quite ignored the new motor until electric roads paralleling their own were built and diverted so large a proportion of the passengers as to materially reduce their incomes. In some places the steam roads have claimed that the passenger traffic belonged to them and have resisted the efforts of the electric roads to secure franchises in new directions.

At first the electric car was simply a modified horse-car, but able to travel at a swifter rate. Then they were enlarged to nearly twice that size and provided with motors capable of propelling them at fifteen or twenty miles an hour. Such changes made the electric car so formidable that the steam roads in many places have been compelled to consider the advisability of adopting the electric system for their short line traffic, and in some cases the seeming necessity for owning the electric roads.

In Baltimore, necessities of another kind have made it expedient to adopt electric engines in the place of locomotives. The long tunnels, through which its railroads go, are difficult to ventilate properly, and the smoke and dust from the locomotives made them most disagreeable places. The electric engine is smokeless and does not vitiate the air. Huge electric engines weighing ninety-five tons each have been made, adapted to that tunnel work. They draw the whole train through, locomotive and all, and are reported to work satisfactorily.

The chief interest now is as to the possibility of using electric engines as substitutes for steam locomotives on common railways. There has just been completed at Nantasket Beach, Mass., such a road seven miles long, as a part of the system of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford railroad. It is of the overhead trolley type; the passenger cars are provided with two one hundred horsepower motors working at seven hundred volts.



While extremely high speeds are not required upon the road, the rate of forty to fifty miles per hour is reached each trip. Upon a trial trip lately, the speed of eighty miles an hour was reached, with five unused notches on the controller, indicating that one hundred miles could be obtained if desired. Such a speed may be as easily had with an electric engine as fifty miles an hour with a common steam locomotive. The power-house for this road is to be known as Power Station No. 1, of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford railroad, which implies that other similar stations are to follow. It is not unlikely that this road will be for the steam road what the electric road of Richmond was for the horse-car, and that from now on one may look for electric equipment for railroads to develop at a rapid rate.

A. E. DOLBEAR.



### he New Determination of the Constants of the Solar System.—

The really most important astronomical achievements,—those that count for most in the history of science, and command from competent judges the highest estimate of the investigator's ability, are not the "discoveries" that specially impress the popular imagination. These can be and often are, made by men of moderate intellectual power, and that not highly trained: the keen eye and dexterous hand, with patient persistence, overmatch brains and culture in the hunt for novelties that appeal directly to the senses.

Now and then a Bessel is a "double first," but as a rule the Newtons, Laplaces, and Leverriers have found no new objects in the heavens, and have not even been eminent as observers. Their work has been chiefly done in the library and computing-room, simply with brain and pen, their material the garnered results of others' observation, reduced, marshaled, judged, combined, by the master, whose work alone puts the world in possession of the value the materials contain. All of which is simply by way of securing the reader's interest in the remarkable work that has been in progress for the last eighteen years in the office of our "American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac," under the hands of Professor Newcomb and his assistants. It is no less than a thorough discussion of all the obtainable observations of the sun and the three inner planets (numbering more than one hundred thousand, and running back to 1750), for the purpose of determining, with the extremest accuracy, the planetary orbits, their mutual perturbations, and certain other quantities intimately bound up with them, like the solar parallax, precession, and aberration. It is a work that could be successfully attempted only by a consummate mathematician of high executive ability and organizing power, backed by the prestige and resources of the Government. In his report for 1894, Professor Newcomb announces the near and triumphant completion of the work, and that the tables for the accurate computation of the motions of the inner planets will probably be finished before the year closes. The tables for Jupiter and Saturn were finished last year by Dr. G. W. Hill.

Professor Newcomb is much exercised over a minute discrepancy in the final results. From *all* the available sources he finds  $8''.802 \pm 0''.004$  as the value of the solar parallax; while from the mass of the earth, which is deduced from the observations upon its neighboring planets, the parallax comes out  $8''.759$ . The difference,  $0''.043$ , does not seem much to worry about: it is an angle so small that a pair of stars that distance apart could not be optically separated by a telescope less than eight feet in diameter, nor then with a power less than three thousand. It is only an inch seen from a distance of nearly eighty miles. And yet this minute difference is more than ten times the probable error of the main result, and may mean—many things which we cannot discuss here.

It is pleasant to record that the French Academy of Sciences has just conferred upon Newcomb the highest honor attainable by a man of science. He has been elected as one of their seven Foreign Associates, taking the vacant place of Helmholtz.

C. A. YOUNG.



**he Latest Maxim Gun.**—In its latest developed form this gun is equally impressive as a perfect machine and as an implement of war. The gun used in the June tests at the Government proving grounds at Sandy Hook was the lightest yet made, its weight being twenty-five pounds; when packed in its case with extra parts of the mechanism, the weight was forty-five pounds. The gun consists essentially of two parts: the recoiling and the non-recoiling part.

The recoiling part is composed of an ordinary rifle-barrel with a box-extension at the rear, which contains the lock and other mechanism of the gun; the non-recoiling part consists of the gun-frame and the water-jacket surrounding the barrel, and these are rigidly fast together. When the recoiling part moves backward it works against a strong spiral spring, which has its forward end attached to the gun-frame. The lighter guns intended for infantry have no water-jacket.

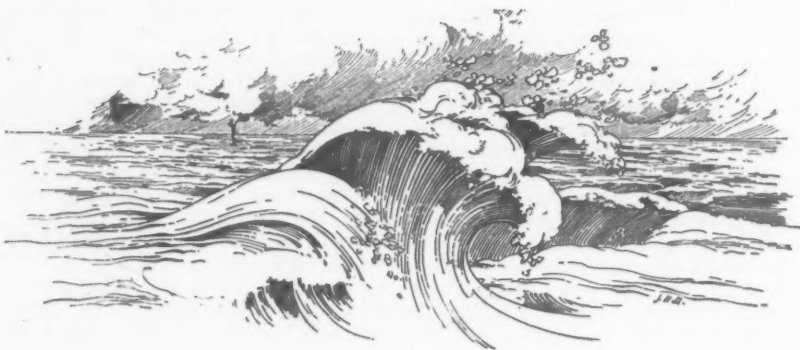
The cartridges are fed to the gun from a belt which is automatically drawn through the extension-box of the barrel immediately in the rear of the breech. Each belt contains one hundred cartridges. When the first shot is fired, the recoiling part of the gun moves backward and extends the spiral spring. The energy of this recoil extracts the fired shell from the barrel, moves the belt forward, and draws from it another cartridge and inserts it in the barrel, cocks the hammer and fires. Each succeeding shot accomplishes these same results, so that after the first shot the firing is automatic.

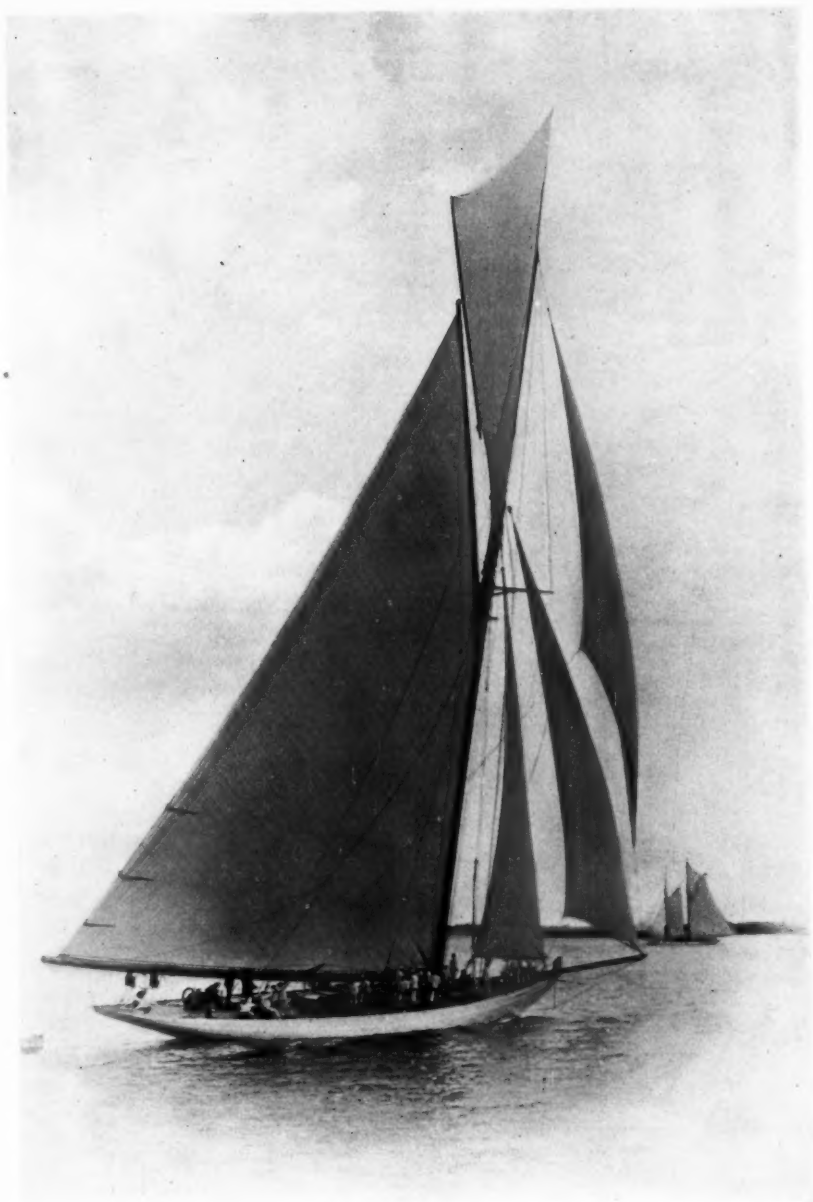
In the tests here referred to, the gun was mounted on a tripod, and the ammunition was of .303 caliber. The cartridges were charged with thirty-eight grains of smokeless powder. Blank and bad cartridges were mingled with the good ones, and the test proved that the mechanism of the gun permitted their removal without disturbing the fire. The time required to unsling the piece and put it into action was fifty-eight seconds; the time required to take apart the firing mechanism and insert an extra set from a knapsack was twenty-six seconds; to change a barrel and put in a new one was one minute and twelve seconds.

The rapidity of fire of the Maxim guns can be slightly varied, according to the energy of the recoil and the length of the cartridges. As much as twelve shots per second have been fired with some of them, when short cartridges with heavy charges were used. The gun tested at Sandy Hook is not intended to fire more than ten shots per second. Even at this rate it is seen that one thousand such guns could deliver one million shots in one minute and forty seconds.

The guns require expert manipulation, and can only be properly served by especially well-trained men; but it is thought that they will play a prominent and decided part in the future wars.

S. E. TILLMAN.

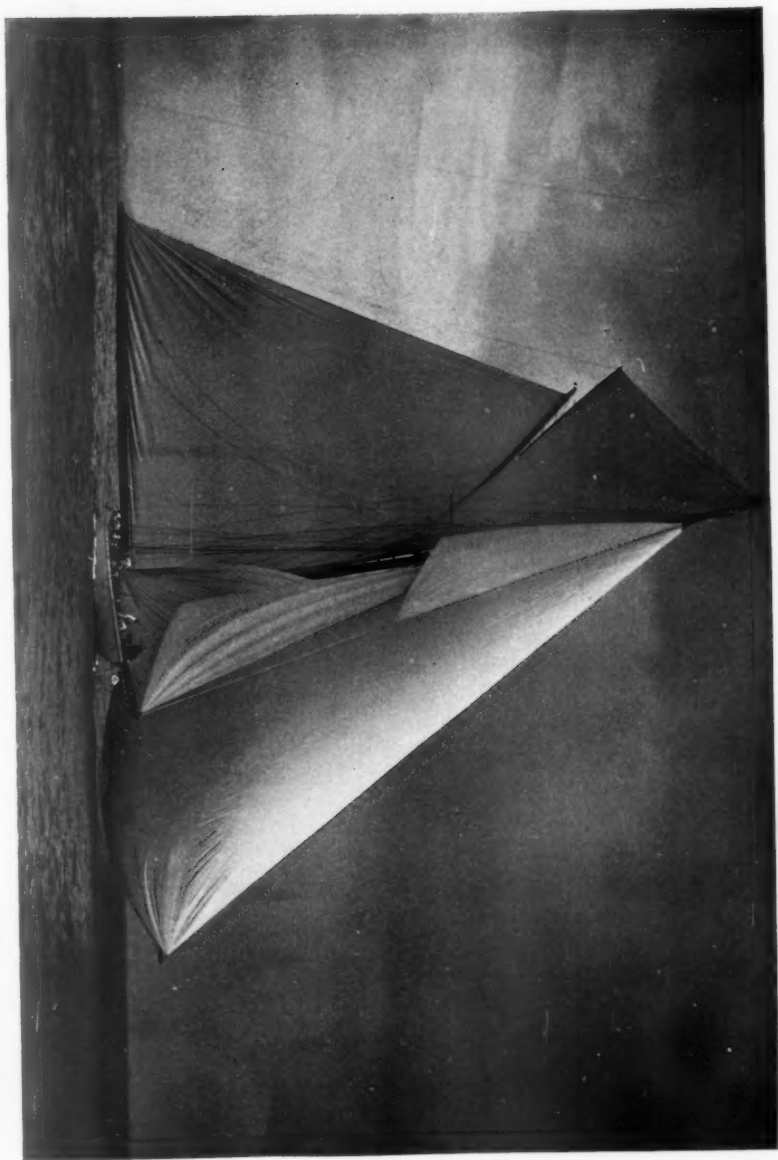




DEFENDER.

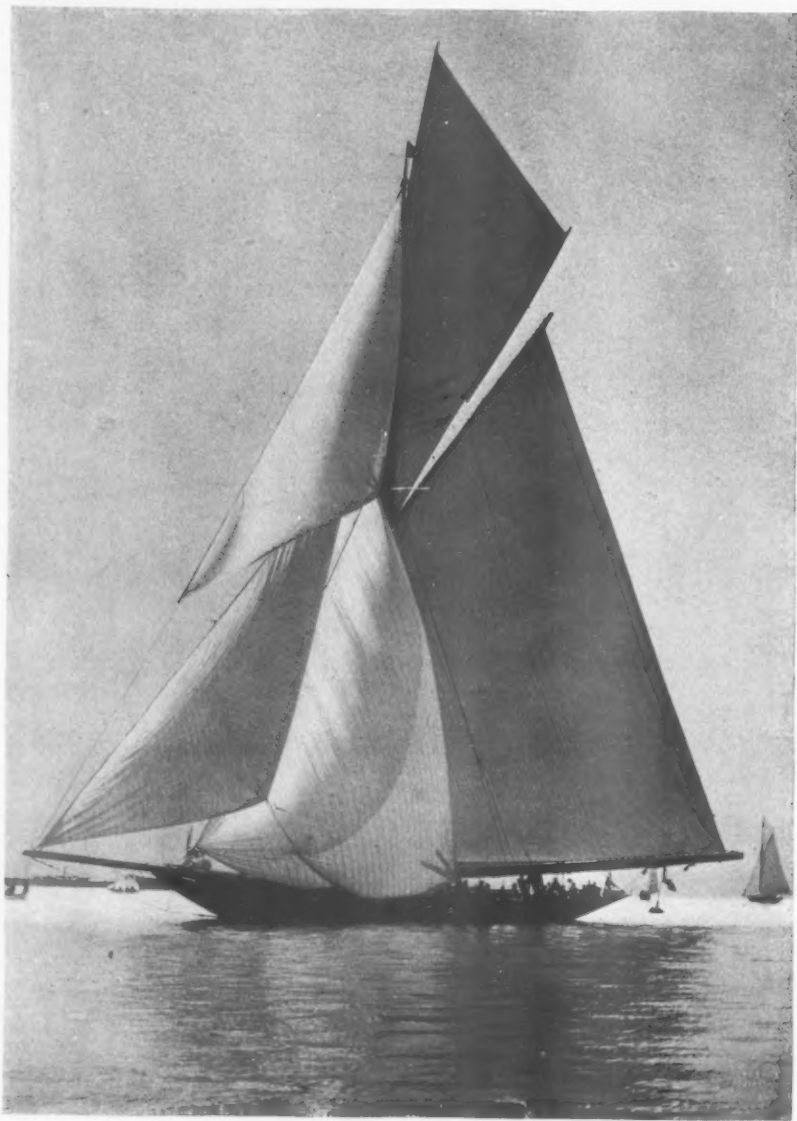


VALKYRIE III.



VALERIE III.





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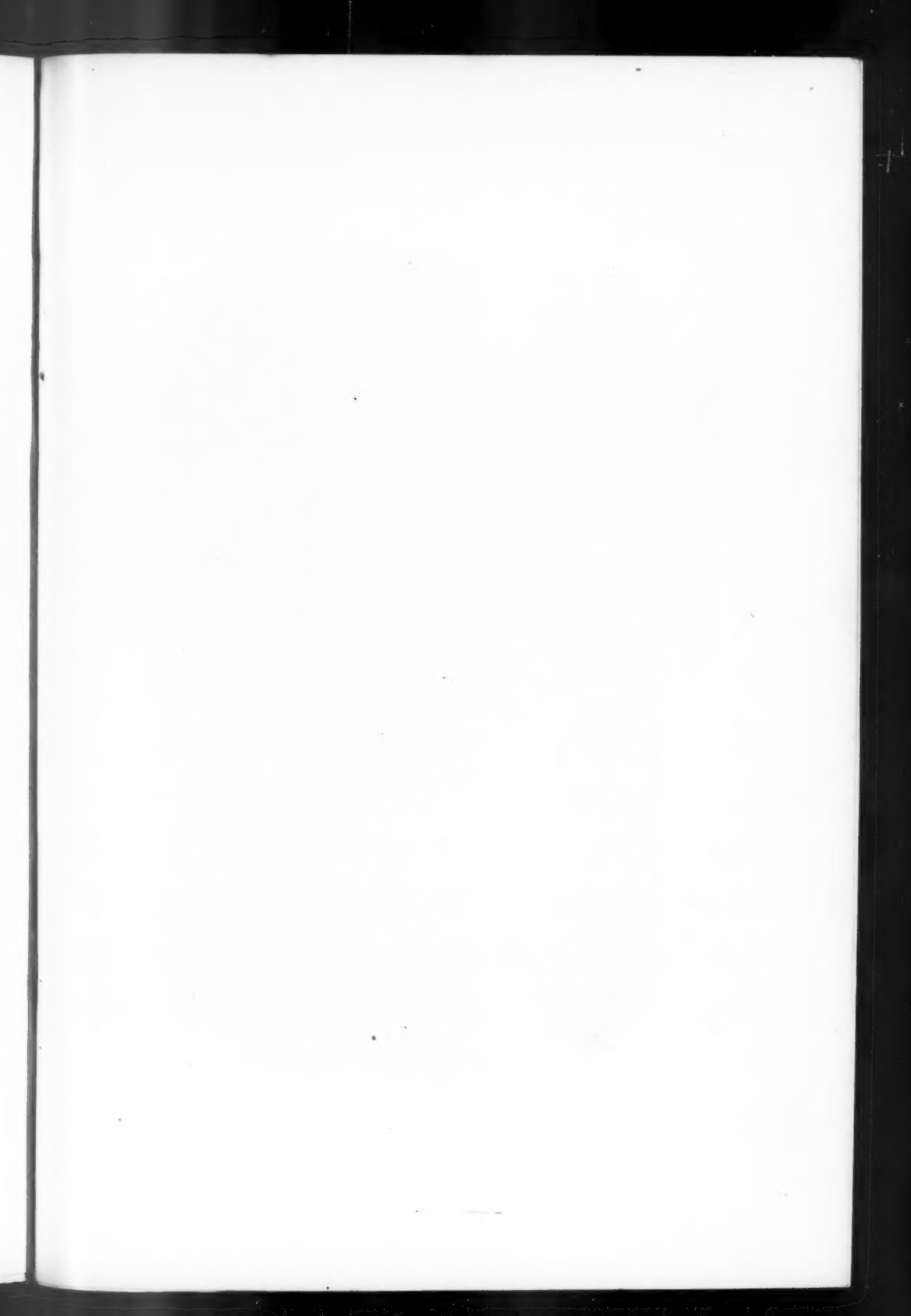


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*Drawn by José Cabrinety.*